# HUSIE B

FOR THE REST OF THE WO

**NOVEMBER 1976 \$1.95** 

ENEMA SEX:
THE RISING TIDE

DOYLE BRUNSON: POKER CHAMP

GOLF GROUPIES: THE 19TH HOLE



## HUSTLER

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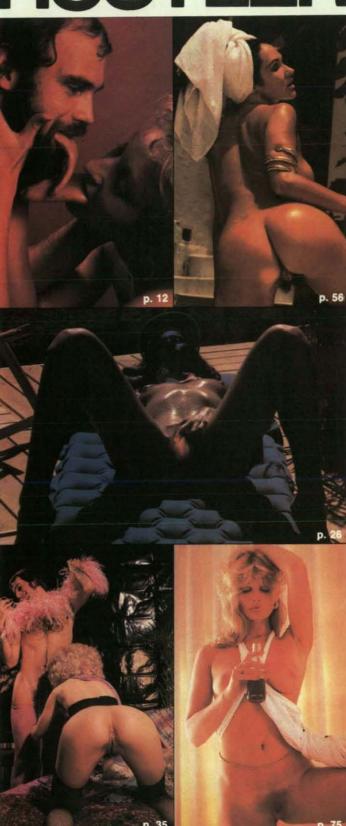
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### Show & Tell



### THE BEAUTIES AND THE BEST

Few men could survive a brutal tenyear binge on the scale of the one thrown by **CHARLES BUKOWSKI**. Fewer still could stay afloat and become one of America's best writers. Cum-stained, rum-sodden and cold as an assassin, Bukowski does not fit the stereotyped image of a writer. His grim vision of life has produced a short story you'll never be able to forget: **THE FIEND.** It is an incident no one would ever want to admit could happen. Bukowski forces us to stare unblinkingly at the darkest recesses of the human soul.

In a lighter vein, **NEIL SHISTER** hitchhiked around the country for this

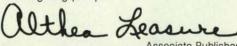
month's firsthand report on **TRUCKIN'.** Shister has traveled over several continents, put in a stint in the Peace Corps and edited daily and weekly newspapers in New York. On his assignment, Shister learned that truckers had established "a tightly knit society where people don't bleed each other.... But the 'romance' of trucking has been overrated. Driving a truck is damned hard work."

HUSTLER also sent **JAY LEVIN** on the road to cover the 1976 World Series of Poker in Las Vegas. Levin came back with November's **HUSTLER PROFILE: DOYLE BRUNSON, WORLD'S GREATEST POKER PLAYER.** Levin's background consists chiefly of ten years of political reporting for the *New York Post* and various magazines, but he maintains a sporting amateur interest in all varieties of gambling. His love of gaming is reflected in his knowledgeable, pokerfaced, play by play of the suspenseful tournament. "I enjoy gambling," Jay says, "but I've found it more lucrative to write about it."

**WILLIAM LOGAN** has spent a year on the lucrative golf tournament circuit, gathering research for a book he's writing on the pro tour. In **GOLF GROUPIES**, Logan exposes the corps of expensively kept courtesans that is one of the more tangible rewards for keeping your putts straight on the tour.

MICHAEL TOOHEY is a 24-year-old writer who has made the cut in the highly competitive free-lance circuit. As a contributor to Fetish Times, Enema Hotline and the S&M/spanking newsletters, Power Line and Bottom Line, Toohey has covered the gamut of offbeat sexual techniques. Now he's ready to spill his guts on the subject of ENEMA SEX: THE RISING TIDE, in this month's SEX PLAY—for the man with a mature attitude toward sexual experimentation.

HUSTLER is also into the mystique of the mature woman. Take a long, hard look at **SHEILA:** A **HARD WORKER**, our centerfold for November. The photographic treatment ace British photographer **CLIVE McLEAN** has applied to the "older woman" is something that other men's magazines wouldn't have the balls or the imagination to publish. HUSTLER combines exotic fantasy, prehistoric sex, flat-out weirdness and out-front erotic beauty in: **TRICK OR TREAT, PRIME MATE, SEX FREAKS, SISSY** and **HILARY.** Not to mention the self-mocking satire of **STUFF IT**, our special Thanksgiving pinup.



Associate Publisher and Executive Editor





Shister





Levin

### HUSTLER

#### FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

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The Fiend
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### Statemen



When it comes time to mark the ballot for president on November 2. Americans will be forced to choose between a Bozo and a Baptist preacher. So you might as well take a dump on it because it's the same old shit.

The Republicans continue to muddy the waters with Big Business's little brother, Jerry Ford, the third stooge in the Nixon-Agnew comedy series. Ford is a marionette with a few strings missing, kissing hands and shaking babies to retain his office so that he can continue to care for the typical Republican interests that control him.

Honest Jerry, who had both the gall and stupidity to subvert justice by pardoning Nixon, also managed to add one of his own bluenoses to Nixon's Supreme Court, which is consistently abridging our First Amendment freedoms. Ford's choice, John Paul Stevens, has already allied himself with the Nixon appointees, who sometimes refuse to even consider hearing an obscenity case—consequently denying you your First Amendment rights.

Ford is the Edsel of politics, a complete Bozo. He had a pool built at the White House because the nice thing about water is that you can fall on it and not get hurt. Jerry Ford's bumbling image has convinced people that he is dumb, so therefore he can't

I feel Ford's just waiting to be elected by the people—thereby erasing the stigma of having been appointed president by Nixon. He can then unleash the kind of mindless tyranny that seems to have become the standard for Republican presidents.

We're not upset about trading in our Ford, but we're concerned about what we might

get as a replacement.

The Democrats' smiling contender, a Bible-quoting part-time preacher from Georgia named Jimmy Carter, is an even bigger disappointment than Ford. I had some hopes for this peanut vendor, but now I'm concerned that his image as savior is just a front for the mass media, which finds good copy in his Pepsodent grin.

Apparently, Carter's pledge of honesty only applies to situations in which it is convenient to him. HUSTLER sent him a list of questions so that we could gauge his stand on issues we considered important to our readers. But Mr. Peanut chose to ignore us-and the people who read HUSTLER each month. We think this is a strange attitude for a man who could be responsible for the welfare of all Americans.

Our questions dealt with First Amend-

ment rights. We asked Carter if he believes in the use of censorship, or if Americans have a right to all information. We also asked his reactions to recent Supreme Court rulings affecting individual liberties and if he supports Federal Prosecutor Larry Parrish's "Deep Throat" trial activities in

His lack of response is censorship. He failed to provide a flow of information to our readers who, by their support of HUSTLER, have shown that they believe they have a First Amendment guarantee to all informa-

tion, regardless of content.

It would be frightening to think that this peanut farmer actually has no reactions to the Supreme Court's chipping away at First Amendment freedoms, or to think that frivolous, egomaniacal prosecution deserves no comment. But no comment was made.

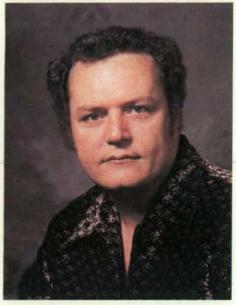
It's also important to consider that during the next presidential term, two to five seats could open up on the Supreme Court. The next president's appointees could swing the balance back to reason, or they could reinforce the half-assed job of the Nixon-Ford majority. Yet Carter gives us no idea of his support or distaste for the Court's reactionary imbalance.

Would Carter objectively accept scientific findings such as those of Nixon's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography? In effect, the commission concluded that even constant exposure to explicit sexual material wouldn't have an adverse effect on sexual desires. Or would Carter do as Nixon did and reject this conclusion if it did not concur with his personal opinions?

We doubt that Carter is unaware of the findings. There is no doubt that the Deacon of Dry Roasted would find it embarrassing to discuss pornography, considering his morally upright public image. Is he more interested in elections than erections?

It could be that Mr. Carter's personal opinions are controlled by the same people who allegedly control the greasy money being used in his campaign. That control must rest outside the Carter camp, if we can believe his pleas of ignorance concerning \$150,000 in unaccounted-for campaign funds doled out to black leaders in Oakland for their support.

I guess it was also too much to ask a politician if he considers that Americans have the right to determine the limits of their own morality. If he could admit that, he'd have to agree that Americans are also capable of making other choices on their



own. Who's ever met a Baptist preacher who didn't believe people have to be led around by their noses.

Finally, we asked Carter if politicians have a responsibility to respond to the public and press by answering all questions openly and honestly.

No response counts as a no. Maybe Jimmy Carter was at the car wash getting his teeth cleaned when the questions arrived. He ignored HUSTLER and its 15 million readers because he doesn't like HUSTLER's content. It's a dangerous sign-when he writes off HUSTLER, he's writing you off, too.

Had Carter replied to our questionseven with answers we didn't agree withwe might have considered endorsing him. It would have shown us that he is interested in keeping an open line with the people. And it might have let us know whether he has the backbone-and the balls-to be our commander-in-chief.

But Carter has proved to be just another hard-nosed politician with his eyes set on the awesome power of the presidency.

It's frustrating and it's a shame because America needs a strong leader, one who is outspoken and not afraid to lose a few votes if he feels he's carrying America ahead, But Carter is an image-conscious vote seeker, and Ford is a motionless force tugging at the heels of progress.

I'd like to give you a candidate, but none stands out. The leaders in America will have to be the people.

### Feedback

#### **RAUNCHY READING RATES**

I wanted to write and tell you what a superb article you ran on the Wichita trial in the October issue of HUSTLER. I am not saying this because your article flattered me, but because I found myself chuckling all through the piece and realizing that you caught some things in words that I didn't believe could really be expressed. Your description of Jim Lawing was perfect. And I laughed out loud at your description of Mrs. Schauf. Your handling of the cross-examination of Menninger by Larry Schauf was priceless.

I see now why you have been so successful. Again, I want to congratulate you on a superb job. Herald Price Fahringer Buffalo, New York

Your piece on the Wichita trial was very amusing. Bruce David is a far better writer than I had (mentally) given him credit for being.

Now if he can only overcome his inability to deal with other human beings.

Lyle Stuart Secaucus, New Jersey

In spite of occasional bad blood, I want to reecho my previous sentiment that Bruce David is one hell of a good writer and wasted on Larry Flynt's piece of shit.

> Al Goldstein New York, New York

P. S. Thanks for the blow-job!

That's OK, Al. I didn't really want to let you suck me off, but when I saw how you were begging and pleading, it helped me overcome my Catholic background to let you go down on me with your Jewish lips. Besides, I was fucking your wife a few nights before, and she told me how you were dying to give me head.

-Bruce David

### X-RAY-TED

The pictures of Liz Ray published in your September 1976 issue *stink*. After the buildup you gave them, you should be ashamed of the letdown your readers got. I rated the pictures C-minus.

R. Patterson Sunbury, Pennsylvania

When we have an opportunity to give readers an exclusive look at someone in the news—and in the nude—we take what we can get and gladly pay big money for it. That was the case with the Liz Ray photos, which were not up to HUSTLER photo feature standards.

You've been mean to Ms. Liz Ray (HUSTLER, September 1976). She's the queen who let the cat (her pussy) out of the bag on those Washington hypocrites with their megalomaniacal egos and Victorian hypocrisy.







Every new attempt to do away with old hangups is put down by these law lords with all the power of their flaccid butts. Now, Jimmy Carter's veep, Walter Mondale, is suing *Genesis* magazine for printing a holier-than-thou article of his. He calls that magazine—for the ears of his hypocritical cronies, I guess—"filthy." If that mild mag is filthy, what would he call HUSTLER?

These senile hypocrites, who are against "pornography" yet enjoy the delights of the oldest profession in the comforts of their offices at taxpayers' expense, are the ones you should attack. Not Liz Ray, who's a heroine of the day.

Liz has blown—and she seems to blow well the whistle on Capitol Hill hypocrisy. Power to her pussy! She's caught some rats—and how!

Max Fox New York, New York

#### MOURNING OR LAUGHTER?

I am writing about the cartoon on page 116 of your August 1976 issue. Two months ago, I had my third son, and he only lived five hours. If you have any idea of the horror and pain I felt when I saw this awful cartoon, then you would have sense enough not to print such a horrible thing. I am sure I am not the only one to feel this way. If you continue to print such awful things, my husband says we will not buy your magazine again. Don't any of you guys have a heart with feelings and love?

Mr. and Mrs. Terry J. Reed Utica, Ohio

I will never again purchase or look at an edition of your magazine. Anyone who would publish something like getting a "piece of ass" from a stillborn baby, even in a cartoon, has to have something wrong with his head.

Name Withheld by Request Oglesby, Illinois

I found the cartoon on page 116 of your August 1976 issue to be very distasteful and cruel. I really wish one of you inconsiderate, crude males had been pregnant and had waited nine long months for your own baby. I find it amazing that you have no concern for the living or for the memory of the dead.

Name Withheld by Request St. Louis, Missouri

I sympathize with the personal experience and pain expressed in these letters, but much of humor is based on misfortune. The reality of a stillborn child is nothing to laugh at—but a cartoon is.

-Larry Flynt

### TIT FOR TAT

Your September 1976 issue was the best yet. I enjoyed the photo of Chesty Morgan in "Udder Nonsense." I saw Chesty in the Sho-Bar in Indianapolis, Indiana, in May 1974, and I can tell

you she is one hell of a woman. I liked the fact that although she has huge tits, she is not fat. I was not able to get too far with her, but I did get my hand between those fabulous tits. And I would give anything to see a good, long photo layout of her in HUSTLER, Lifesize!

HUSTLER should head a search for the girl with the biggest tits in the world and the guy with the biggest cock and then feature them together. Of course, no one wants to see a 500-pound freak with big tits, so there would have to be rules about the size of the tits for girls within certain weight ranges.

> Willard L. Roy Houston, Texas

We already found the girl with the biggest tits in the world, Willard. You'll find her on page 52 of this issue

Wow! Let's see more of Chesty Morgan-like in a nightgown. Tell me all about her, Is she married? What's her bra size? Where can I see her in person? What a gal!

> Arnold Bondi Houston, Texas

Chesty is married. Her bust measurement is 73 inches, and she performs at various strip joints around the country-those with double doors.

### CRAP IN YOUR BEER

Your article, "Beer," by Norman Jackson Smith (September 1976), was full of crap! Smith must have been crocked when he wrote it. My main bitch is that Smith said Stroh's is "the only beer that strikes me as rotten-tasting." But at the conclusion he said, "One brew is ultimately as good as another." How could a supposedly intelligent writer make such a contradictory point when simply excluding Stroh's from that last statement would have cleared the air?

Author Smith's lack of intelligence is only exceeded by his lack of taste buds. I believe his personal dislikes biased his article and made him a complete ass.

> Jeff "Ski" Kinsey New Philadelphia, Ohio

We'll admit that Norman was a little groggy after taste-testing his way through America's top ten beers, but we stand behind his educated opinions.

#### PRISONS YANK HUSTLER

I am writing to inform you that your magazine is causing more waves, only this time with the Department of Rehabilitation and Correction.

A letter was sent to Ohio's correctional facilities banning the August issue from the prisons. The action was taken by the Department's Publications Screening Committee.

Patrick J. Gallagher, WOSR Radio Mansfield, Ohio

We find the committee's action deplorable, and so do many prison inmates who've contacted us. We're sure this feeling is shared by any citizen concerned with First Amendment rights.

#### COPPING A GOOD FEELING

I am 24-years-old and have been a police officer for over three years. After having read your August 1976 issue. I turned to the back cover and experienced a warm, friendly feeling. Your public service advertisement entitled "Some Still Call Him Pig" deserves a great deal of commendation.

It's good to know somebody cares, especially in an era when criticism of the police seems to be the "in" thing. Congratulations for having the courage to publish such an ad. Thank you for your respect. I'm sure that policemen worldwide will feel the way I do about your magazine.

Charles F. Augello Auburn, New York him. To quote his words in reference to your back cover, "I don't believe it-the guy likes cops!"

You see, my husband is a cop. People don't realize that cops are people, too, and they don't enjoy having people call them names for doing their jobs. They follow orders just like the rest of us.

Recently, two officers in our county were shot to death. They were friends of ours and two beautiful people, so seeing your back cover made my husband's day. We enjoy your magazine even more, knowing there are still people like you and your staff who understand that cops have feelings, too.

P. A. G. Silver Spring, Maryland

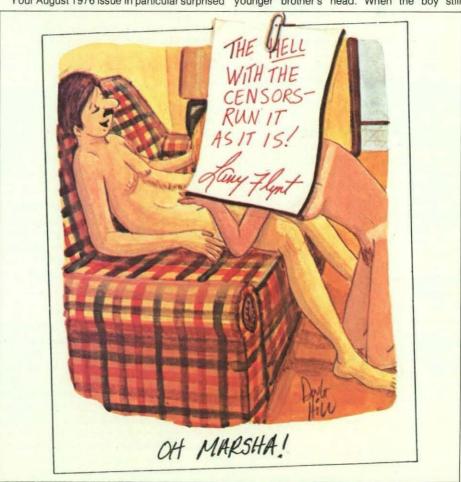
The picture on the back cover of the August 1976 issue of the tearful "pig" with the dead body of a little boy in his arms is the most touching and compassionate photograph I have ever seen. Several years ago a "pig" saved my life after an auto accident. I never got a chance to say thanks to him. I don't even know who he was.

> P. A. Holland Taylorsville, North Carolina

I enjoy your magazine right along with my husband. We don't bother to look for Penthouse or Playboy-we just wait patiently each month for HUSTLER. My husband is first in line at the newsstand

Your'August 1976 issue in particular surprised

The picture of a sad, tormented-looking cop holding the lifeless body of a young boy on the back cover of your August 1976 issue fits a horrible incident that filled the papers a couple of years ago here in Dallas. A punk cop named Darrel Kane arrested two Mexican boys on suspicion of burglarizing a service station. They were brothers, age 12 and 14. Against police regulations, the two boys were driven to the service station, where Officer Kane and his partner questioned them. When the boys denied any knowledge of the break-in, Kane drew his service revolver and surreptitiously removed the shells-or so he thought. Then, with the older brother handcuffed in the back seat, watching, Kane placed the gun against the temple of the younger brother's head. When the boy still



wouldn't confess, he pulled the trigger. The gun went off, and the boy's brains were splattered against the window of the car door.

Both the older brother and Kane's partner testified later that Kane then became almost incoherent as he realized that his gun hadn't been empty, and that he had killed the boy. Despite the fact that the older brother was an eyewitness, the bastards at first tried to doctor the incident when they called in to report the death. But they realized that the only "final" solution would be the murder of the older brother as well. Even these animals cringed at that idea and eventually turned themselves in.

Darrel Kane was sentenced to five years in prison, which he has yet to serve. His partner was allowed to leave the force. No charges were ever brought against him.

This sickening episode is but one of many I could relate concerning the goddamn pigs who make this city one of the most feared to live in for decent citizens. So I, for one, will continue to call cops "pigs," because that's just what the majority of the local cops are and will continue to be. I wish to hell it weren't so, for all our sakes.

Name Withheld by Request Dallas, Texas

I can't say I liked every policeman I ever met, either. There are assholes in any group of human beings, and a man with a gun and a club can be as big an asshole as anyone else—only more dangerous. But we need the police, because there are some very dangerous citizen-assholes running loose, too. My point in running the public service ad on the back cover of the August 1976 issue was that we've got to start somewhere if we're going to achieve a just society. I think we should start by working to recruit the finest people we can for our police departments and give them the best training, salaries and support we can.

-Larry Flynt

#### THE FEEDBACK RESPONSE

My 62-year-old bedmate and I—between our fucks—enjoyed the letter in the *Feedback* section of the September 1976 HUSTLER concerning incest between the 64-year-old mother and her 42-year-old son.

I'm a 35-year-old single stud with 8½ inches and a good build. Gray hair and older women turn me on, so I fuck and suck females in the 50-60 age bracket. The older gals have many advantages. They are generally divorcees, widows or spinsters with no hang-ups and are always available.

Some haven't fucked in ten years, so they want it as many times as I can give it to them. They like to experience different methods and give me oral sex. Some like to enter into threesomes and four-somes since sex really turns them on.

We hope you can show some cunts and bodies of some of the "gray-haired gals" in your pictorials and Beaver Hunt.

J. M. San Carlos, California

#### HOT LIPS AND A LIMP WRIST

I really enjoyed your article "How to Give Better Head," but many women would love to

know how to deep throat. I'm glad that a guy I went with gave me some very good lessons in the art, and I thought I might share them with you.

The easy way to engulf the whole cock is to lie flat on your back and put a small pillow under your neck for support. Have your man straddle your face. In this way you can control how much cock you can handle. If you can relax, it will slip right down. The more you practice, the deeper it will go. Girls, you just don't know what you are missing!

Name Withheld by Request Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Homosexuals are better at giving head than women. Since we homosexuals are emerging as an integral part of the sexual revolution, let me state that no one can honestly please a man better than another man. I know that you, being adamantly "hetero," will disagree. However, since your mag is known for its brash contradictions, all I will say is you will never know until you try it.

Hand manipulation in giving head is a crutch used by a person whose cheeks or lips are not conditioned. Giving fellatio is almost as strenuous as fucking, and the muscles in the face and cheeks will get tired if they are not in shape.

Get all this tongue-flicking bullshit out of the picture. Tonguing is good, but it is not that important. When you suck a dick, get to the head and shaft. Try to make the skin slide up and down with your suction, then you know that you are doing the "job."

You can practice cocksucking by pursing your lips and blowing as if you're cooling soup. Or eat Tootsie Roll pops to condition your lips.

What do you do when he comes? Swallow it, dear. You are extracting from your lover the most intimate fluid of his being.

There are so many things that a homosexual man could teach a heterosexual woman about loving her man. If only the barrier and competition between the two could be broken down. I'm sure that one day it will be.

Richard Hayes Los Angeles, California

We once had the bad luck to stumble into a seminar on cocksucking being conducted by a bunch of homosexuals in a train station restroom. We waited outside until it blew over. Can a man suck cock better than a woman? The question is strictly academic. Personally, we prefer soft tits between our knees.

### BABBLE FOR BOB

After reading your interview with Brother Bob Harrington in the August 1976 issue, I would say that the preacher is quite confused about God.

The Bible was written 4000 years ago for the people of that time so that the religious leaders could dominate and destroy people who were created by God—a good God needs no explanation. In my experience, that God does not exist in the religions of the world. I have met more drunks and neurotics in the Christian sects than in any secular society. In the established religions, I have experienced more bigotry and hatred than acceptance and love of fellow man.

The preacher sounds silly when he preaches the evil of money and then turns around and says he's worth half a million. I would not want him around me, or the people I love. He would probably try to destroy them with his ignorance.

Name and Address Withheld by Request

I want to let your readers know I appreciate the fair reporting of my interview with HUSTLER. What I said was accurately reported, and that speaks highly for your staff.

I want to also thank the readers of HUSTLER for their tremendous response to the article. Many have written in thanking me for what I said and asking for spiritual guidance. I am not a putting-down preacher. I am a lifting-up preacher who majors on lifting people out of their problems and into some answers for those problems. I welcome any questions from your readers and any further HUSTLER interviews on the subject.

Remember, Larry, I'm praying for you. My Lord Jesus loves you just as He loves me.

Bob Harrington Chaplain of Bourbon Street

We strive for honest, top-quality journalism whether the subject is one we favor or not. Part of honest journalism means providing an open forum for ideas and information, and from the response you report we must have achieved that goal along with providing a socially redeeming service.

#### RIZZORHOID IN PHILLY

As a female reader of HUSTLER, I was really upset by the fact that I paid \$1.95 for a magazine that had missing pages. What I'd like to know is: Who the fuck does Frank Rizzo (August 1976 issue "Asshole of the Month") think he is? We do have freedom of the press, don't we?

I asked a clerk at the store where I buy HUSTLER every month why pages were missing, and he said Frank Rizzo paid people to go around and rip page 10 out. This just goes to show you what a jerk-off Rizzo is. He can't help the people in Philly get jobs, but he can pay people to rip pages out of the best book on the market.

I just want you to know that I am sending for my one-year subscription today.

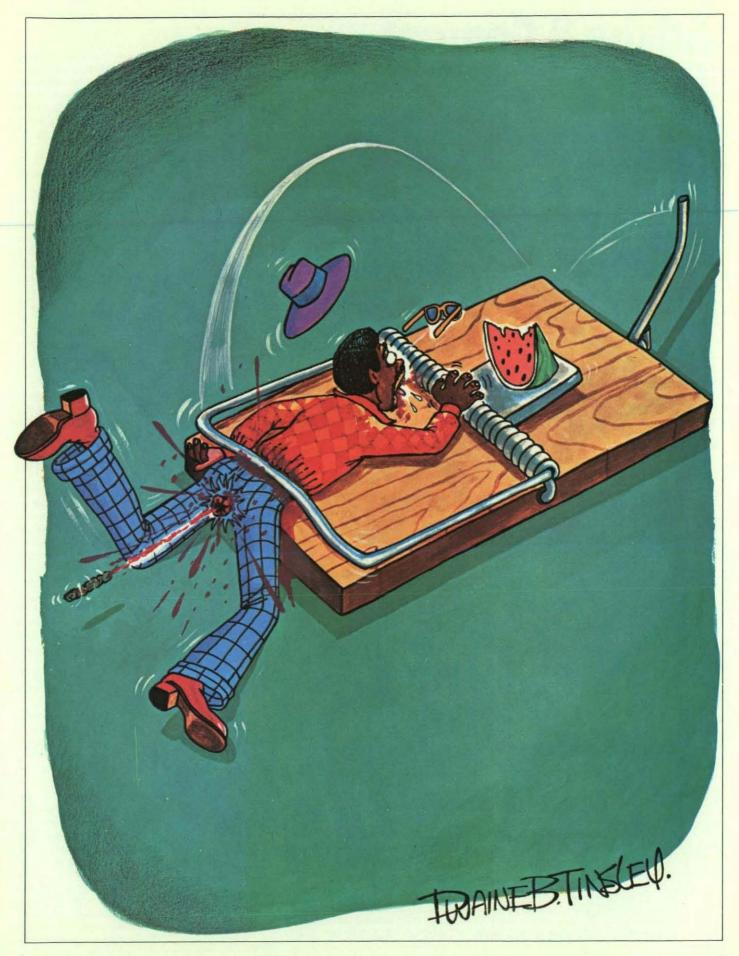
Mrs. D. Harris Pitman, New Jersey

A friend of mine showed me the insert concerning Mayor Rizzo that was ripped from HUSTLER. I don't blame him for becoming angry. I certainly wouldn't want it to get into my children's hands—or anyone else's.

May God have mercy on you and anyone else engaged in the distribution of pornography. You and those like you are not only polluting the minds of adults, but children's minds as well. You have much to answer to God for.

Viola Ross Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

Has the Lord turned over some of his caseload to you for disposition, or are you just a spiritual busybody?



### vise & Consen

Advise & Consent Is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write to us. Direct all letters to: **HUSTLER Magazine.** Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I was hoping you could tell me how I can get my husband interested in me again (sexually). We are both in our 20s and have tried many things when it comes to sex.

We used to make love a lot, but now I'm lucky if I get it once a week. He also used to "eat me out," but I got that only once during the past month. I have gained ten pounds, but I'm working to lose it since I know he doesn't like that I've gained weight.

In the evenings, he usually just sits on the chair and I sit on the couch. When we go to bed at night. and I know we won't be making love, I usually go down on him because sometimes just before he comes he stops me so he can get on top. I never thought I could ever put a guy's pecker in my mouth, but I love his. You should have an article on sucking cock.

What would help to get him worked up before we go to bed?

Name Withheld by Request

Why don't you have a talk with your husband and find out if there is any problem? Also, ask him what will turn him on. This straightforward approach might be the best way to find your answer. You don't mention any other problems in your marriage that might be affecting your husband. Since you used to have a good sex life, you may have started taking each other for granted

A little variety adds spice to any relationship, and a change is bound to get your husband's attention. By all means, lose the weight you've gained. Both of you will like you better. Try wearing a sexy, sheer nightie and invite your husband to share the couch. Try a massage or taking a shower together. Also, many people get off on swinging, and your husband may find it a real turn-on to watch you making it with another man. Just knowing that you're getting strange cock could turn the trick. Read "Giving Head" in HUSTLER's August 1976 issue for some tips on cocksucking.

My girl and I have been living together for two years, and we plan to be married soon. My problem is that she never wants to have sex. When I asked if it was my fault, she said no. When we do make love, she enjoys it. She says she just never wants to do it—at least not as much as I do. But she will make love just to satisfy me, which is Wilmette, Illinois' not what I want.

She'd be satisfied if we only had sex once a week and just goes down on me the rest of the time. I don't want to just lie there while she blows me. I would like to satisfy her every time she does me. But she can't understand that. What should I do? Go ball someone else to see if it's me, or send her to a shrink?

> RF Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Each individual has a different sex drive, and some have much stronger sexual desires than others. It could just be that you and your girlfriend are at different ends of the spectrum. Why don't you ask her what turns her on and try to arouse her? Suggest activities, such as an erotic movie, that can lead to sex. Consider seriously. though, that for some reason your woman may be afraid of sex. It could be a fear of physical repercussions, such as pregnancy or pain, or more probably an emotional fear. She might be afraid that she will enjoy sex so much with you that she would become too dependent on you and get hurt, or conversely, that she might want to take a lover to satisfy her sexual needs. In any event, it might be wise for her to consult with a psychologist, particularly if you are planning to get married. If your sex life is unsatisfactory now, it will not change for the better when you take your wedding yows.

I am 21, tall, slender and small-breasted (32A). I am not displeased with the size or appearance of my tits. However, my husband and I both enjoy sexy lingerie, low-cut dresses, etc. But I have yet to find any sexy outfits that don't make my small tits look lost. Exercise, weight lifting and massage have failed to produce much increase in size or fullness. Therefore, I am seriously considering silicone implants (not injections).

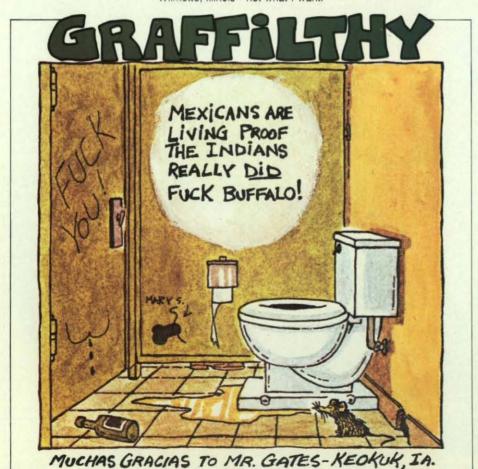
I am hoping you can give me some honest information on cost, procedure, size, shape (I have noticed a large variety) and postoperative procedure. I do not intend a large increase in size. Is it possible to get small sizes?

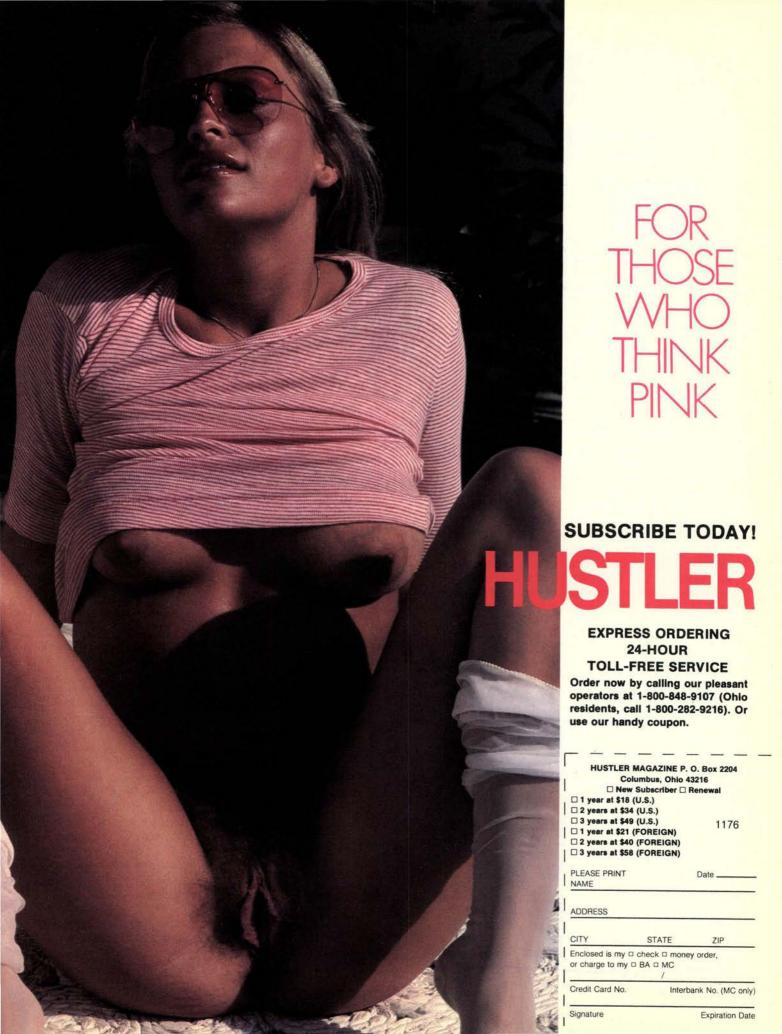
> J. D. Nashville, Tennessee

Since you are happy with the size of your breasts, implant surgery seems rather drastic simply to fill a dress. Many low-cut, sexy clothes are designed for small-breasted women-look at Cher. Consider very carefully before you decide to go ahead with the implants.

If you do decide to have surgery, consider having saline (salt water) implants rather than silicone. The procedure doesn't require as big an incision, and the results look and feel more natural than silicone. Most saline implants can be done with a local anesthetic in the surgeon's office.

The doctor makes an incision around the bottom part of the areola of the nipple and inserts the empty implant. Salt water is inserted into the implant until the desired size is reached, then the (continued on page 109)

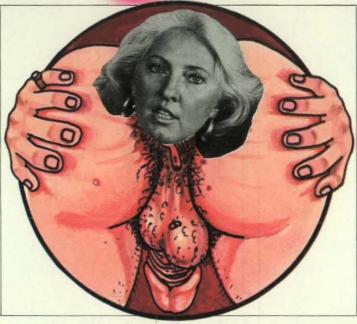




### **ASSHOLE** OF THE MONTH

Marin Scott Milam, the Editor of Playgirl magazine, has made medical history by turning a cunt (herself) into an asshole; in fact. November's "Asshole of the Month." In a recent interview in the Columbia, South Carolina, State newspaper, Milam had the brassbound gall to say, "HUSTLER magazine is deplorable. They're in it to make money. I don't want to injure Playgirl, and I refuse to put it in that category." Is Marin Milam against making money in publishing? That will really surprise the million women and faggots who fork out \$1.50 every month to drool over the limp cocks in Playgirl's photo spreads. Milam's denial of the profit motive does not mean she'll be giving away copies of her magazine. That statement is just like everything else that issues from her carplike lips: so much vaginal discharge.

In the same interview, Milam gloated over attracting what she calls "blue chip" adver-



tisers to Playgirl. And while Ms. Milam accuses us of being mercenary, she's energetically sucking off the gold-plated spigots of Madison Avenue.

Marin Milam may already be caving in to the conservative influence of automobile, liquor and cigarette advertisers. She has announced that she will stop running ads for erotic devices and sex stimulants in Playgirl, in deference to those "blue chip" advertisers that she's now attempting to woo.

Milam justifies dropping the erotic ads by claiming that they were too vulgar anyway: "They were so prurient....But, frankly, I needed the revenue." Where have we heard that before? Usually from the jismdripping lips of some bimbo who's just been asked, "What's a nice girl like you doing turning tricks?"

Prostituting editorial integrity for the sake of big advertising bucks has been the pattern of every turn-on publicationespecially the menstrual-rag women's journals. HUSTLER has always been determined to succeed by serving our readers rather than our advertisers. We enjoy our success, and we don't have to apologize for it. There's no shame in making money honestly. Once upon a time, we halfway admired Marin Scott Milam for editing a magazine that played at least a paraplegic role in raising the consciousness of women-a consciousness that previously rivaled Angola for underdevelopment. And the staffers in the office who get off on 40ish two-toned blondes with Children of the Damned eyes found her to be a pretty desirable woman. For their sakes, we might-might-consider letting the bitch out of the doghouse-if she gives us all an hour's worth of good, slow head. But we're not making any promises.

### **FUZZY PINK**

It seems that very little time goes by between statements by Hefner and Guccione that HUSTLER has not affected the styles of their magazines. After all, each lives on his reputation of being an innovator: Hefner gave us tits, and Guccione showed us pubic hair.

But men want more from their magazines, and more and more men are finding it in HUSTLER, where they can see not only a wide-open presentation of the world of sex but an opened-wide presentation of cunt. Now Guccione is following the trend of pink shot imitators, but we can still believe his claims that HUSTLER had no influence on his decision to show open pussy since none



Penthouse: Through the cool haze.

of the top quality that surrounds HUSTLER pink is to be seen anywhere in Guccione's rag.

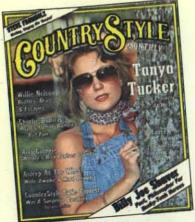


HUSTLER: Clearly hot and pink.

Hot pink centers just aren't the same when viewed through the murk of Vaseline-especially when the color separations look like Crayola scratchings from a loony farm.

For the most part, Guccione's new pink spreads are laid out like a collection of snapshots, and the best of his pink shots miss the erotic mark by a lot more than a cunt hair. In fact, pink shots are missing altogether in Penthouse's centerfold department.

Even though Guccione will probably never learn it, his readers should soon see that second best is never good enough.



### NEW TWANG TO AN OLD SONG

CountryStyle Monthly doesn't buy Nashville's bullshit public-relations coverage of Country music trends. Instead, it focuses on the Country life-style of both performers and fans—a life-style that grew out of conservative middle America.

The intimate reporting in this colorful tabloid takes you inside the Country music business and into the audience, where 18-wheeler drag races and the philosophies of a lady DJ are as important as the homelives of Country music stars.

After publisher Vince Sorren and partner Robert Sorrentino allegedly split for money reasons, the staff that developed this young magazine left to help Sorrentino publish Country Rambler, another Country magazine. Sorren, and a staff of Country music media veterans and journalists, still plan to pursue the original Country-Style direction. More personality profiles will fill the pages of the magazine, and some space may be devoted to political comment.

However, politics and personalities haven't been the key to CountryStyle's popularity. Their claim that they are publishing around 400,000 copies per month (newsstand price: 85 cents) after only four issues is an indication that people get off reading about themselves, not just about the performers they get off listening to.

CountryStyle Monthly's address is 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Illinois 60131.

### SPACE NIGGER

We all believe in flying saucers and intelligent creatures from outer space. They must be intelligent to be able to travel around the universe faster than the speed of light. And they probably have feelings and emotions just like ours. They may even have good rhythm and be able to tap dance. But would you want your sister to suck one off?





### SEEDY MINDS

Vegetables do occasionally assume distinctly humanlike shapes. (Take Jerry Ford, for example.) So it's not too surprising to find these hothouse vegetables taking the form of a big-titted pregnant woman and a cock that looks like it has a bad case of jungle rot. The physical resemblance is especially apt when you consider that a vegetable's existence consists entirely of drinking, sexual reproduction and being eaten-not unlike many of us humans.

The HUSTLER readers who send in these photographs of erotically shaped plants are a notoriously perverted bunch who have been known to discern cunts floating in their bowls of Cheerios and to see fuck scenes in their mashed potatoes. We like to encourage them to use their imaginations, no matter to what twisted ends. That's what makes humans different from ... well ... vegetables. Right, Jerry?... Jerry?

### THE MEMBERSHIP IS GOING DOWN

Larry was getting down in the mouth about not being invited to join any fraternal organizations just because he has a tendency to stir up controversy and keep tongues wagging. Finally his special skills have been recognized by the Cunnilingus Boosters Association of America. The Associate Editors are so proud of him that for a Christmas present we're going to have his mouth bronzed.

The CBAA can be contacted by writing to: P. O. Box G, Pleasant Gap, Pennsylvania 16823. The Boosters ask for a membership donation of \$2 per head.



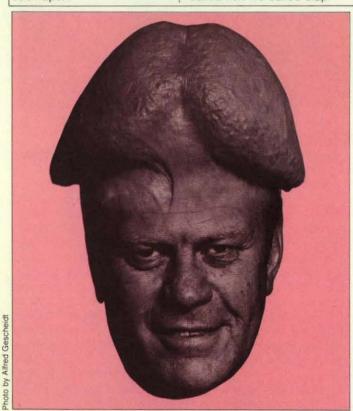


### THE BAG HAGS

At one time or another, everyone has gone to bed with a person he'd rather not be seen with in public. Most men have this experience in the armed forces after discovering that the townie girls treat men in uniform like soiled bandages. There are, however, always girls like Mattress Mary to fall back upon.

Mattress Mary works in the post exchange, or possibly in the snack bar. A tall, unwashed rustic with rotting teeth, she dresses like Dan'l Boone and talks a bit like Walter Brennan. We've all been with her at least once.

The thing is, girls like Mary are capable of providing a thrill you just can't get with any other kind of girl. It usually comes a couple of weeks after you've balled her. It's called clap.



### HEAD OF STATE?

As the Viking craft approached and then landed on Mars, it sent back astonishing pictures of the Red Planet. Scientists puzzled over each new batch of photos, looking for signs of life on earth's astral neighbor. However, they have refused to release this photo, which we

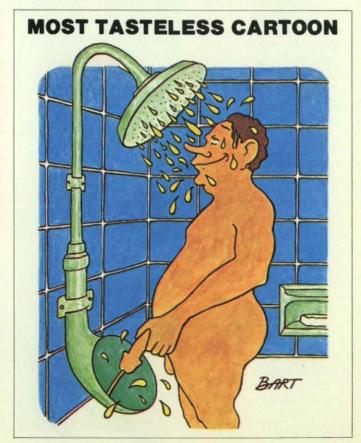
obtained exclusively from our NASA contact.

Our man at NASA informed us that when this photo was received, space watchers held a brief hope that intelligent life exists on Mars. However, after close scrutiny and careful observation, the scientists dismissed altogether the possibility that thinking beings inhabited the planet.



### LOOKING UP AN OLE FRIEND

No, we didn't catch this while peeking through a porthole on our last cruise at Disneyland. And it isn't a reproduction of Henry Kissinger's locket photo, although that's close. Want a clue? This is an indication of what our Editors are always looking for at HUSTLER, and it gives you an idea of where their heads are really at.

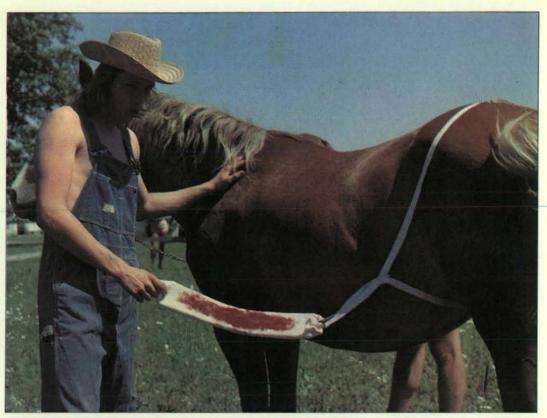


### HORSING

For a while, life on the farm wasn't laid back for this country boy, but when the "blessed event" came gushing and flowing like an irrigation ditch, he breathed a sigh of relief no city slicker could match.

People think that rural life is almost worry-free, but even the boys down on the farm have to worry about those "days of the month." Imagine nagging this filly to take hot baths and ride a bicycle to help bring on the flow.

It makes for sleepless nights to have to consider being thrown out and having to go live with her parents. We're sure this thought and others passed through this stud's mind while he was praying she'd start bleeding like a stuck pig. But then, the stuck pig is another story.



### AIRPORT...

There's been a big flap in the media lately about something called "functional illiteracy." Functional illiteracy means the inability to handle the necessary readin', writin', and 'rithmetic in one's day-to-day life. Educators say the popularity of television is making us a nation of nonreaders. You've probably read about it somewhere.

Anyway, consider this shot. It's bad enough going through life not being able to read DANGER! OPEN MANHOLE! But the dumb Jacksonville, Florida, bulldozer jockey who



dug out this message at the local airport is in even worse shape. What are things coming to when a full-grown man can't spell "Fuck you" properly? Especially when his goof is 75 feet long in letters 50 feet high and can be seen by all passengers landing at Jacksonville's airport.

Learning to doodle "Fuck you"-on fences, yearbooks, chairs, gravestones, collieswas an important part of every HUSTLER staffer's education. In our younger days, we were forced to stand in the corner for writing "Fuck you" notes to Deathbreath Donovan, the mean old third-grade teacher. Nowadays, Larry Flynt pays us big bucks to sit around and write "Fuck you" in various forms for the magazine. It just goes to show you. We get free typewriters and all the gangbuster white Protestant teenage pussy we can handle, too.



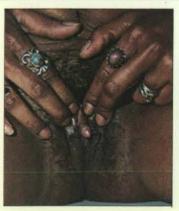
Some cunts can really piss you off by demeaning the limited length of your prick. HUSTLER believes that women should be given equal opportunity to fear sexual inadequacy. Here is some ammunition for you to retaliate with:

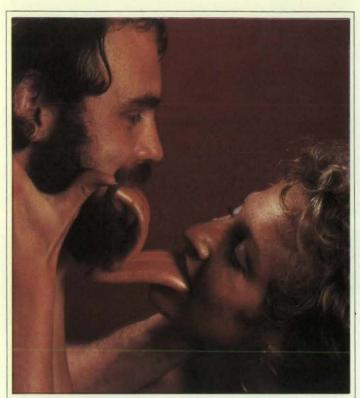
You call yourself a woman with that pitiful little thing? Bet your old man needs a magnify-

ing glass to find it. Now, here's a clit a man can get his hands on—not like that tiny pebble that you keep hidden away between your skinny legs. These are what we call real women.

If your old lady thinks she can stand up to this level of competition, then you're invited to lift those hoods and show us why you think your chick should be named Queen Clit. This is one contest the staff will love to judge.







### TAKING YOUR LICKS

French kissing was the hideand-seek of our adolescent sex play, but kissing is so casual these days that you can count yourself lucky if your grandmother doesn't slip you her tongue at the family reunion. The term "frenching" can now be applied to labialapping and pecker-licking. When it comes to mutual gratification, these two are a perfect match.

Some oral sex enthusiasts have actually developed incredibly muscular tongues from long hours of practice. These two can snag flies and ring doorbells with theirs. In fact, they're pushing a new sport called tongue wrestling. It looks to us like they have just rediscovered good, old-fashioned spit-swapping—the classic french kiss.

### X-RATED HOW-TO BOOK

Could you use some prime tips on diet and organic cooking, the fundamentals of sex or being a secretary? Well, the American Publishing Corporation, 125 Walnut Street, Watertown, Massachusetts 02172, has stacked mountains of information on these and other subjects in a series of fully illustrated how-to publications. Among others, the guides feature the buxom Bridget, who

gives hefty advice—with support from her all-around helper Max Gorgeous. The pair is conserving water in this crowded scene from *Handyman's Guide*.

American Publishing Corporation has put some meat into the how-to publishing game, and for only \$2.95 per copy they will demonstrate why their opinions carry a lot of weight.



### WHAT A PISSER

Have you ever been in one of those embarrassing social situations where you needed to piss like a racehorse and there's no place to relieve yourself? Babies are not into pinching it off, crossing their legs and screwing up their faces into agonized expressions. They just let it fly. With a range and hose like this, a kid should plan on being a fireman when he grows up.

This little squirt's spurt won the 1975 British Press Photo of the Year contest for his father, Clive Limpkin of the London Daily Mail.

### LIGHTNING RODS

Having a big cock is not to be taken lightly since a lot of chicks are likely to take a shine to it—once they get to see it, of course. The tough part about turning on for the ladies is that you can't always put your best foot forward.

Advertising your attributes should be as easy as hanging out a shingle, and Forms In Sculpture, P. O. Box 59, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts 02161, has come up with a bright idea to help illuminate your hidden assets. The neon sculptures, called Symphonic Light Forms, come in a variety of precast designs for \$84.95 each, or in quantities of five for \$40 each. Costs for custommade designs are individually quoted.

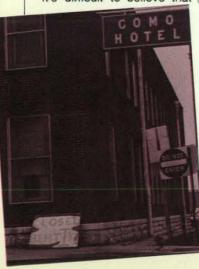
Now you can keep a light burning in your window.



### HOUSE NO LONGER A HOME

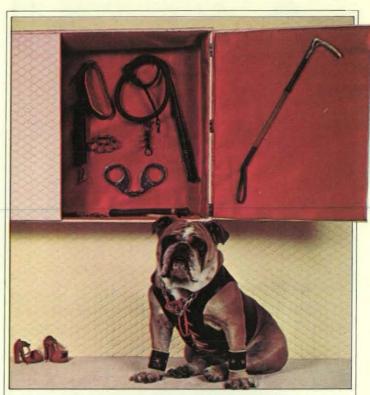
This is the last whorehouse in Fort Smith, Arkansas. To get the full impact, you have to close your eyes and let your imagination run wild. The last glass of beer in Milwaukee. The last piece of ass in Hollywood. The last cocksucker on Fire Island.

It's difficult to believe that



Fort Smith's fuck and suck emporiums have faded into history. In its heyday, the little frontier town boasted 50 or more cathouses. Our pioneering forefathers regarded Fort Smith as the jumping-off place for the West. Resigned to a future of staring up the asses of the horses drawing their Conestogas, they spent their last days in civilization jumping on the bones of Fort Smith's businesswomen.

As we celebrate 200 years of America's progress, we mourn the decline of American males' favorite sporting places, especially the closing of this one during the Bicentennial year. We hope that the Fort Smith authorities responsible for this deplorable act get laid up—alone—with a bad case of blue balls.



### SADOG MASOCHIST

Just pretend that you are a sadomasochist. Pretend this is your dog. Pretend these implements belong to you. You should be ready to jack off. Your dog should be itching from the tight leather vest. But most important, your guests should be ready to leave. After all, it should be clear by now

just what kind of jerk you are.

At least that's what this sadomasochist pet scenario seems to be suggesting. This is only one photo from a 1976 calendar distributed to clients by Album Graphics Limited of London. Each page is designed to make the usual look ridiculous, comic or risque.



### BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Here we see an Atlanta man testing his own inflatable device with a willing deckhand. Aquatic balling has apparently been added to the festivities that surround the annual Chattahoochee River Raft Race. Once a year, the summer

sailors of Atlanta show up with strange rafts and boats ranging from bathtubs to love dolls. The idea is to complete the boulder-strewn river course as colorfully as possible. A word to the wise: Try to have most of the cum swabbed off the deck and the deckhand by the time you come steaming across the finish line.



### **GOOD HUSTLE**

"He's like a new man since he beat the habit. He looks fantastic, and he's playing the best baseball of his life." Our source in the executive offices of the Kansas City Royals was telling us about KC's star centerfielder, Amos Otis, a nine-year veteran who only a year ago

was on the brink of being traded down the river.

This year, everything has changed for Amos Otis. When HUSTLER talked with him, the big man was enjoying his best season ever at bat and in the field. Amos told us HUSTLER's antismoking campaign turned him around. When he saw our color photos of human lungs ravaged by cancer on the back cover of our February '76 issue, Amos took one look and quit smoking the hard way—cold turkey.

"Lord," he told us, "when I saw pictures of that burnt-out lung, it hit me hard. I knew that I wasn't about to let the same thing happen to me!" He hasn't fired up a coffin nail since.

The tense life of the major leagues had saddled Amos with a stiff nicotine habit that eroded his performance on the field. He was smoking as many as four packs a day. And that can leave you with a limp bat and soft balls.



### **GET UP THE VOTE**

This is HUSTLER's suggestion for the Bicentennial Presidential Election Box. Considering the hopefuls in this year's election, we feel this may be the only way to arouse male Americans enough to get them to the polling place. If there's not going to be much choice between the candidates, there might as well be some variation

in the voting booth. The voter can slip his vote into the slot for some fast political action. Talk about sending a message to Washington!

Of course, this voting method might encourage attempts at ballot-box stuffing. But remember the American way: one man, one vote and one orgasm.







### SHORT SUBJECTS

We ended up on the short end of the stick with our World's Smallest Cock Contest, initiated in July. The mailbox has not been overflowing with entries. In fact, these are the only three suckers who bothered to publicly humiliate themselves, and they don't have enough between them to fill much of anything. However, we prize these photos

for their therapeutic value: They have worked wonders by bolstering the Associate Editors' egos.

Remember, in addition to a one-gun salute from a snub-nosed .38 (with the option of having the muzzle placed at your temple), the wiener of this contest will also receive—absolutely free of charge—our most profound sympathy.

If you have any interesting or unusual bits and pieces of information, pass them along to HUSTLER, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Blts & Pleces*. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A \$50 thank you goes out to the following contributors for November's *Bits & Pieces*: Miles G. Henderson, Walt Johnston, Jean Pierre Santonge, Tom Hoey, Nick Katona, R. Morgan, John Burdette and Jeff Cohen.

MIAMI BEACH (HNS)—At an American Psychiatric Association meeting in Miami, Dr. Carol Wolman stated that more and more male psychiatrists are using their office couches for something other than interviewing female patients.

APA President Judd Marmor of Los Angeles added that one study indicated that 25 percent of the shrinks surveyed approved of male therapists engaging in sex with their female patients.

Marmor questioned the claim of the sensual shrinks that they engaged in such sexual activities for the benefit of patients.

"Those therapists who engage in sex with patients seldom do so with the aged, the ugly or infirm," he said.

While most of the psychiatrists attending the meeting admitted that the problem was real and obviously growing, one of the participants urged the group to keep things in perspective.

"We don't all go around screwing our patients." he said.

**PORTLAND** (HNS)—Some do-it-your-self techniques might be all right for putting together your garden, repairing your plumbing, or even quieting jittery nerves. But, if it's a sex problem you're facing, you'd better go to an expert. At least that's the advice of Dr. Gerald Rosen of the University of Oregon.

Rosen notes that many of the "non-prescription" sex-behavior therapists have not been properly tested and may possibly do more harm than good. While there's still no way of telling what's good or bad by its label, he suggests that in the future all courses offered to the public should first be certified by the American Psychological Association.

**LONDON (HNS)**—Too much sleep will shorten a woman's life, while regular sexual activity will lengthen it, says London psychiatrist Jane Gomez.

On the other hand, men live longer if they do more walking than lovemaking, Gomez said.

In recommending more sex for women, Gomez said one good sex session had as much exercise value as a brisk five-mile walk.

Gomez added that women should sleep no longer than seven hours a night, and men no longer than seven hours and ten minutes.

CAMBRIDGE (HNS)—Male students at Harvard and female students at Radcliffe have been conducting unofficial sexual ex-



### HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research and a peek at the freaklest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler a well-rounded knowledge of what's really going on in the world and why it's happening.

Compiled by Richard Crownover

periments for generations, but a proposal to enlist students in a university-sponsored sexual arousal study has been vetoed. The dean of students at Harvard said the proposed study was too personal and might have harmful effects on the students.

The purpose of the experiment was to measure the relationship between sexual arousal and anxiety. The project's originator said that electronic devices would have been attached to the sexual organs of the students, who would then have been exposed to erotic material in situations involving varying degrees of anxiety.

**TOKYO (HNS)**—A 2000-year-old custom of separating love and marriage has left the Japanese experts at sex but amateurs at romance.

Old-style arranged marriages, in which the young people concerned had practically no voice in choosing their mates and were tied together by obligation rather than affection, lost favor after the introduction of democracy in Japan in 1945.

But age-old habits die hard, and the profession of marital matchmaking with the traditional *miai*, at which the prospective spouses meet each other for the first time, still flourishes.

Leave it to the Japanese to modernize man's oldest ritual, however. In the past, parents asked a company superior or professor to act as *nakodo* (go-between) and find a bride or groom for eligible offspring, thereby incurring a heavy obligation to the arranger.

Now, under the leadership of 72-year-old Keizaburo Hashizume, the role of the gobetween has been turned into a career profession. Hashizume has set up a training center, and each year turns out thousands of matchmakers.

Young people wanting to get married retain the services of this new-style nakodo, pay a flat fee and then are done with him or her.

The enterprising Hashizume has also established "Bridal Centers," where would-be brides and grooms can register, for a fee, and receive introductions to prospective mates.

Each month, these bridal centers hold parties attended by 50 males and 50 females, who face each other at long tables. Each is identified by name and number.

At a given signal, each facing couple has exactly three minutes (timed by an egg-timer!) to look each other over and exchange information to see if they have interests in common.

When the three minutes are up, the 50 males jump up and move one place to the left, and the process is repeated. After all 50 couples have met, they write down on a card the number of anyone they would like to meet, and the cards are deposited in a box.

Later, counselors take the cards out. If any of the cards match up, they get the couple together.

**SYDNEY (HNS)**—If your wife or girlfriend is green with envy or sour with jealousy, treat her with a little thiothixene, and she will soon be off your back—and possibly on hers—says Sydney physician Neda Herceg.

Herceg has circulated a report among Sydney physicians that he succeeded in curing two women who were afflicted with pathological jealousy with a two-month treatment using the drug thiothixene.

Before he began the treatment, the two women were convinced their husbands were philandering and wouldn't believe any evidence to the contrary, Dr. Herceg said.

Thiothixene is ordinarily used in the treatment of schizophrenia.

**SAN FRANCISCO (HNS)**—Hemember the old joke about the blind man who passed a fish vendor on the street, lifted his hat and said, "Good evening, ladies!"

Well, the blind man must have been suffering from a defective sniffer, according to Dr. Michael J. Russell of the University of California in San Francisco.

Since animals can communicate sexual (continued on page 104)



by Michael Toohey

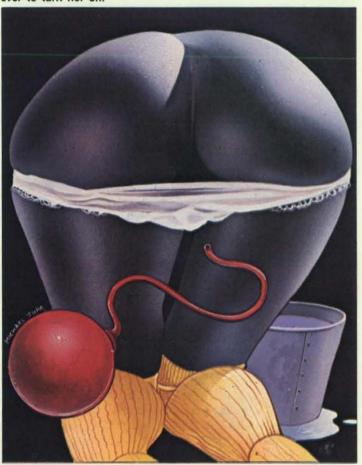
When I was nine years old, a neighbor boy told me that his mother gave his father an enema every night before bed. Upon hearing this, I was filled with pity for the poor man, for at that time I myself had endured one enema and recalled with horror the strange sensation of Niagara Falls in my belly. Because my prepubescent prostate had not registered any pleasure from the violent rush of water, I naturally assumed that an enema was a lessthan-pleasurable function. It never occurred to me that my friend's father actually enjoyed his nightly purge.

I have since reconsidered. What I previously believed to be the curse of the hernia patient and the hopelessly constipated, I now know to be an erotic activity of remarkable potential. I know some couples who incorporate enemas into their foreplay. Still others prefer taking them while fucking. In either case, sexual pleasure is greatly amplified through the involvement of a second system of responsive organs: the anus, rectum, prostate (in the male) and colon. Naturally, an enema is even better when it's shared with a willing partner. But unlike most sexual pastimes, they can also be performed in solitary. An enema that is taken simultaneously with masturbation can give it an added kick.

In our sexually stilted society, it is not a pursuit that one

openly admits to, so, sadly, the overwhelming majority of enema enthusiasts indulge in their favorite sport only while alone. Many enema enthusiasts are married men who are ashamed to reveal their obsession to their own wives. So they take enemas while the wife is away or behind closed doors or not at all, opting for fantasy over fulfillment. For the lucky ones who do find a partner, the woman is often a nurse who has experi-

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. For far too long a time, these pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability. This series, the eighteenth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.



### **ENEMA SEX: Rising Tide**

enced firsthand the giving or taking of enemas and is already acquainted with their erotic power. Another alternative is the commercial enema parlor, where for approximately \$20 one can obtain a good flushing—usually without any sex. Unfortunately these places exist only in large cities and are frequently associated with bondage and S&M establishments. The ideal erotic enema should be taken at home

with a partner who can be fully trusted.

How, then, does one ease one's wife or girlfriend into enema sex without appearing to be a pervert? The answer is: tactfully. One method is to feign constipation and request an enema for relief, thus letting your woman see for herself your pleasant reaction. But if she doesn't get the message the first time, you may find yourself faking constipation every other day for a month until she catches on—if she ever does.

The better method is to be completely honest about your interest in enema sex. If you have had prior enema experience, or if your experience exists in fantasy only, relate it to your lover when you feel the time is right. A friend of mine discovered the thrill of enema sex while in the hospital during the Korean War. It was ten years before he mustered up the courage to tell his wife about the very understanding young nurse who, upon noticing the erection the surge of water had given him, masturbated him to orgasm. The thought of her stroking him beneath the sheets in the crowded hospital ward stuck in his mind as his most erotic experience. He had expected his conservative wife to be disgusted by the story, but instead she was excited (as is very often the case) and asked if he would like her to give him an enema right then. His

confession opened up a new sexual spectrum within their stale marriage, and now they enjoy enema sex at least once a month.

After your admission, if your woman thinks you are a one-of-a-kind degenerate, tell her that enemas were an accepted sexual practice prior to the 18th century, when the puritanical climate drove them underground. In ancient Egypt, for example,

lovers used to administer enemas to one another with the aid of a blowpipe. And courtiers in Louis XIV's France took three or four enemas a day as a means of relieving sexual tension. If history fails to convince your lover of the normalcy of your desire, show her this article. The renewed interest in enema sex is indeed wide enough to warrant national exposure.

Chances are, your woman will be initially turned off by the obvious by-product of enemas-shit. However, shit need not be a part of it at all. A low-volume enema can be retained indefinitely, long enough to enjoy sex fully before making the trek to the bathroom to release the solution in private. Also, many couples take two or three enemas per session, and after the first the body usually returns clear water.

Once you've convinced your woman to cooperate in fulfilling your fantasy (it may take a while, but be persistent), get the equipment together before she changes her mind. Nearly every household has enema equipment of some type (a douche apparatus will serve in a pinch). All you'll need are the basic bag, hose, clamp and nozzle. If you do not have any enema equipment on hand, and you're reluctant to invest in something you think you may not like, disposable enema kits that contain everything except the solution are available at most pharmacies

Fill the bag with plain tepid water, or a solution of tepid water and a spoonful of liquid soap. Don't exceed one and a half quarts if this is your first enema. Assume a knee-chest position, either face up or face down, and have your partner lubricate your asshole and the nozzle with Vaseline or K-Y Jelly and insert it completely. Be sure the bag is hung at least a foot over your head before the clamp is released. Then enjoy.

As the solution massages your prostate gland, you might ask your women to rub or suck your cock. With this combination, you may come before the bag is fully drained. If you want to fuck during your enema, leave the hose partially clamped. This will decrease the flow and minimize the stimulation, allowing you more time to please your woman as well as yourself.

Inevitably, your woman will want to see for herself what the thrill is, and although she lacks a prostate, she will nonetheless experience a unique sensation. Kathy, a 23-year-old teacher who has recently discovered the pleasure of enemas, was introduced to them by a boyfriend:

"When Chris first asked me to give him an enema, I thought he was kidding. He told me what to do, and as I prepared everything, I expected him to shout 'April Fool,' or something at the last minute. But he never did. As the water flowed into his ass, he got enriched my sex life so much that I rarely

### Sexual pleasure is greatly amplified through the involvement of a second system of responsive organs: the anus, rectum, prostate and colon.

the biggest hard-on I'd ever seen him get. As soon as I touched it, he came all over my hand.

'Well, by then I was curious to find out what this enema business was all about. and I asked him to give me one. I took off all my clothes and he refilled the bag. Then I lay down on my back and kicked my knees up to my chest while he lubricated my hole. I'd never had an enema before, but I had had anal sex, and that's what I expected it to feel like. But I was wrong. It was a different feeling entirely.

"For one thing, the water penetrated deeper than any cock had ever gone. I could feel it all the way up in my tummy. But it wasn't uncomfortable at all. Just strange. By the time all the water was in me, my stomach bulged out as if I were six months' pregnant.

"Chris asked me if I got off on it, and I had to say no. I told him that it felt good in a kinky sort of way, but that I doubted I could have an orgasm from an enema. Well, he wasn't about to give up that easily. He told me to go into the bathroom and dispose of the water. While I was gone, he refilled the bag.

"When I came back, he said we were going to try it a different way. This time I was face down with my knees tucked under my chest and my ass high in the air. He lubricated me again, but this time when I felt the nozzle go into my ass, I felt his cock enter my pussy at the same time. Then he released the clamp.

"He fucked me slowly as the water gradually filled me up. I closed my eyes and imagined the nozzle was another cock, shooting an endless stream of iism into me. I remember vividly the feel of Chris's cock and the solution on either side of the thin wall that separated them. Chris said afterward that he could feel the water against his cock also.

"I don't suppose it took any longer than two minutes for the bag to drain completely, but I had a terrific orgasm even within that short span of time. Usually it takes at least 15 minutes of vigorous fucking before I can come. And I haven't met many men who can last that long at a stretch. But when I take an enema while fucking I often come before the guy does.

"I still don't think I can have an orgasm from an enema alone. But enemas have fuck anymore without taking one."

As it happened, enemas helped Kathy overcome a sexual handicap of sorts. But they can also be rewarding for those who wish to enhance an already rich sex life.

If you're a beginner, I advise you to start out with the simple enema described earlier. But keep in mind that there are many variations with which you can eventually experiment, each offering its own particular thrill. Nozzles, for example, range from the standard type to the awesome Bardex barium, which inflates inside the rectum to make retention easier. The classic bag and hose can even be entirely dispensed with in favor of a bulb syringe, which looks like an oversize eyedropper and works on the same principle. Centuries ago, wealthy enema enthusiasts invested fortunes in gold and silver syringes, which resembled ornate grease guns. Even today, some intrepid enema lovers spend thousands on designing, building, testing and patenting their own bizarre equipment.

Solutions, too, may vary from plain water to milk and molasses. Diluted white wine or champagne are favorite solutions among more decadent enemaniacs. One man in San Francisco mixes four ounces of vodka with his soapy water. Even though he intoxicates himself several times a week this way, he truthfully asserts that he doesn't drink. When alcohol is drunk, the majority of it passes through the stomach and is absorbed by the lining of the intestines. Putting it directly into the intestines from the other end, bypassing the stomach altogether, is a fast-and effective-means of aettina sloshed.

Spiked enemas may be fun, but keep in mind that the real thrill of an enema comes not from the aftereffects but from the initial surge of water into the body. Be extremely careful what you pour into yourself. High concentrations of alcohol can cause burning in the rectum and colon, and some experimental solutions may destroy essential enzymes in the lower tract. I highly recommend that you stick to the hospitaltested warm water and liquid soap-and leave the champagne to the Lawrence Welk fans.

I hope this article has encouraged those of you who entertain enema fantasies to be less self-conscious about them. Your numbers are growing, to be sure. But keep in mind that the reaction of most people reading this probably is, "Christ! What'll they think of next?"

To those readers I answer: I don't know what they'll think of next. But whatever it may be, you can bet it's been done before. So relax, keep an open mind and watch this space. We'll get to something you're up for sooner or later.

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula.

However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

#### **RATING GUIDE**

ERECTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up, but it can still be beat.

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP
Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

### Movies

by Frank Fortunato

### **TEMPTATIONS**



Temptations is not spectacularly horny porn. But what it lacks in diversity and weirdness of sexual content, it makes up in production values and story line. Surprise! This is a porn flick with a plot that actually holds together.

This is due in part to the screen presence of Jennifer Welles. She may not be the youngest or most ravishing

# **X**RATED REVIEWS

lady of the genre, but she is certainly one of the better porn actresses. Her face has character and a range of expressions. Unlike many porn starlets, she does not always seem just about to giggle, nor does she recite her lines as if someone's got a gun at her head. Cast as the frustrated rich bitch and devoted wife, she raises the stock of this offering—as well as your prick.

The plot of the movie concerns a rich but impotent old duffer (played by Jake Teague) who gets voyeuristic kicks with the aid of his procurer/flunky, "Raymond," who sets up peek scenes involving hookers and their johns.

In the first of these, the affable old fart is stuffed into a closet behind an ironing board to watch the happenings. The hooker's john is a *macho* leather boy who's built like a cement truck. "Hurry up, baby,

my bike is double-parked," he says, and so she does. While they writhe around on the bed, the old codger's eyeballs roll around in his head as his excitement mounts. Finally, as the john explodes into the hooker's mouth, the old guy trips and explodes out of the closet. "Please don't hurt him," implores the hooker. "He's my father; he lives in the closet!"

The old boy tries again with another hooker, a replay of the previous scene. This time he's allowed to sit quietly in the corner and watch. But he can't see, and as he moves closer, leaning over the bed, he distracts the john, who leaves in a huff. Everybody, including the audience, loses their hard-ons.

At this point, *Temptations* seems to be *totally* reliant on story at the expense of good, righteous fucking. However, things pick up with the introduction of two good-looking

lesbian lovers. Raymond the procurer arranges for the two ladies to get it on—to the old man's passive delight. There's one problem: At the height of his excitement, the old man falls asleep (he really is old). So they capture the moment on a video-tape machine for the old duffer to enjoy later.

Jennifer Welles plays the young, neglected wife of the senile millionaire. His impotence has left her lonely and horny. One day she wanders into the old man's room while he's on the nod. The videotape machine is blazing away. Jennifer gets turned on, and after retiring to her bath to jerk off, she pounces on Raymond for some frenzied balling. Then he helps her make her own tape, which she hopes will help her to regain her husband's interest. When the old man realizes it's his wife starring in the tape, he almost throws a bolt in his pacemaker, but eventually the sweet old nurd realizes she was only trying to steer his interest back on course.

Finally, there is a surprise party that turns into an orgy—the film's hottest scene, so hot that the old coot manages a hard-on. After a brief fucking



Things are looking up in Temptations, a satire about an oldster getting back in touch with his sexuality.



Newcomer Dominique St. Pierre finds joy on her john in Letting Go.

scene with Jennifer Welles, his pants bunched around his ankles, she finishes him off in her mouth, and this happily ends the film.

Temptations is a light, goodnatured movie. For a change in
porno flicks, the humor is more
often amusing than annoying.
And it is a well-made movie,
enhanced by the presence of
Jennifer Welles, the color and
the quality of the photography—all of which are excellent. If a porn flick with average turn-on potential interests
you, then I recommend that
you see Temptations.

### THE JOY OF LETTING GO

6

Summer Brown, who gave us China Girl, has ladled money and care into the production

of this 'Frisco-set film, which is the story of Michelle, a wealthy woman who deserts her husband and achieves sexual liberation under the tutelage of a high-rolling pimp. The rich lady is played by newcomer Dominique St. Pierre, a fashion model whose personal life, we are told, is an echo of the film heroine's life; that is, her role in this film offered her an education and introduction to the world of uninhibited sex. If this is true, then all I can say is that the lady has learned fast.

Sexually speaking, The Joy of Letting Go is a bit slow to unravel, and it doesn't really gather steam until it's half over. By that point in the movie, Michelle has turned her back on her social position and is more than happy to be a whore. She starts turning tricks all over the landscape, including one strange get-together with a

weird couple in a trailer park. The guy, who sweats a lot and is missing a few teeth, likes to be shackled to a wall while he watches his old lady get it on with another woman. He gets a hard-on and comes from just watching the girls. His wife asks, "How was it?" He nods toward the floor, which has been marked off in lengths from 100 up to 500—he has blasted his wad past the 500 point for a perfect score.

In the movie's most unusual scene, Michelle slithers into a porn theater, where she jerks off a patron for ten dollars while he watches a dynamite blow-job sequence on the screen (a horny twist that had many people at the screening hopefully looking over their shoulders for Miss St. Pierre). The film ends happily as Michelle and her husband reunite and sail off on their sloop—she waxing radiant from the "joy of letting go."

It's rather unlikely that a pimp would be such a benign catalyst for such a sexually repressed woman, and then, once he's trained her, let the little moneymaker go. But if the story is weak, the characterizations are not. As the pimp, James Kral looks and acts the role, and Dominique St. Pierre really does resemble a rich little glad-girl on a spree. By porn standards, the film is long (86 minutes), and it should have shown more sex in the beginning. However, all things

considered, The Joy of Letting Go is still a superior slice of porn.

### CHINA LUST



China Lust is a film that could make you wish you were a dildo—a green, translucent one, to be specific. It's the tale of a philosophizing plastic pecker that bemoans the absence of its "mistress's" snapper while making many ports of call—including some guy's ass—on its way back home to its rightful owner, who is portrayed by Jasmine, the April 1976 HUSTLER cover girl.

The film opens with a wealthy couple buying the dildo in an Oriental shop. They put it to good use and finally fuck under fading light in what could have been a beautifully horny scene. The dildo is taken next by two of the couple's female servants, and what transpires is a sensational lesbian tryst that includes a rimming sequence.

Crazy as it sounds, the dildo actually talks, pausing between assignments to declare allegiance to Jasmine's pussy and to pour out the same type of advice you're liable to find inside a fortune cookie. Luckily, it's a busy dildo, so this prattle is kept to a minimum.

The camera follows the dildo from one luscious orifice to another, working its way through a cast as fine as any



Bad lighting is the kiss of death for China Lust's high erotic potential.

that has been turned out by the porno mills in quite a while.

Among them is a lady billed as Ting A Ling-the first "Black Oriental" in porn. She is an exotic knockout: a delicate, dreamy face, large breasts planted on a long, slender frame covered with caramel skin. She is a tasty morsel of soul food garnished with just the right amount of Peking sauce-a living, breathing testimonial to The Great American Melting Pot.

At the end of its travels, the green devil finds its way between the gorgeous folds of Jasmine's snapper prior to a lovemaking scene between this dynamic dragon lady and her black lover-still another scene marred by faulty lighting.

China Lust is a low-budget movie, but even so, there is no excuse for this kind of incompetency. The lighting is so bad at times that you can't tell whether human beings or anteaters are fucking on the screen. It's an insult to the audience and a waste of beautiful bodies and horny couplings. So to director Sam Lee we say: Let there be lightor don't bother.

### CANDY'S CANDY

"I wahhnt you to come een my mouuth." "Steek it een my ass," begs a dubbed-in voice in an extreme French accent. Let's face it: Talk like that sounds good in any accent; however, this kind of banter is rare in Candy's Candy. It gives way to dopey dialogue and, worse yet, "original sound track" music that features an idiotic theme song. The dub-

that's a visual turn-on. The plot of this 90-minute import portrays Candy (played by Sylvia Bourdon) as a 16year-old virgin, which damages the story's credibility at the outset. As easy on the eye as Sylvia is, she does not look 16. There is a widespread

bing job in this French import

is an audio turn-off in a flick

philosophy among porn filmmakers that "young will sell." They're right, of course, but this belief leads to an overzealousness that makes them label anyone teenage even when it's obviously not true.

However, this new film is overflowing with fine-looking European flesh. And virtually all of them are new faces to Stateside audiences. And the story? Well, forget it. It's just a flimsy vehicle for the constant and varied sex scenes to ride on. For the record, it centers around Candy, the would-be sexteen-year-old nympho, and her antithesis. Candice, her pretty but frigid older sister who heads a men's magazine. The story follows Candy from her more-than-willing deflowering through a series of episodes involving her or various staff members of the magazine and

culminates in a fuck scene with Candy and the guy who broke her cherry. In between is a slew of scenes having little to do with the "story," but they do contain good, horny footage.

In one scene, Candy has gotten her first lover a job on her sister's magazine. On his first day on the job, he takes the boss's secretary into the conference room and soundly schtupps her while running a movie of two other amorous members of the staff. The secretary takes it from behind while the two of them watch a film of a blow-job. Suddenly, the live lady utters those wonderful words, "I wahhnt you to come een in my mouuth" ... and he does.

Despite its flaws, the abundance of new faces and enthusiastic sex makes Candy's Candy worth catching.



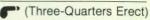
An English-dubbed, French-tongued sampler of Candy's Candy.

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.



(Erection)

3 A.M. Cry for Cindy Deep Throat (Uncut version) The Devil in Miss Jones (Uncut version) **Diversions** The Divine Obsession Expose Me, Lovely Femmes de Sade Midnight Desires The Opening of Misty Beethoven **Pussy Talk** 

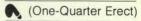


When a Woman Calls

Anyone but My Husband **Fantasex Farewell Scarlet** Honey Pie Hot Summer in the City **Oriental Blue** Sexteen The Story of Joanna Virgin Snow



C. B. Mamas A Dirty Western Dixie Her Family Jewels Hot Dog Gums The Milk Lady Rollerbabies Sensations Summer of Laura



The \$50,000 Climax **Ecstasy in Blue** Exhibition Inside Marilyn Chambers The Story of O **Sweet Punkin** A Touch of Sex



(Totally Limp)

Deep Throat (Censored Version) The Devil in Miss Jones (Censored version) Patty Snuff

### **Books**

by Mark Baker

### THE SAMURAI

by George MacBeth The New American Library, Inc. P. O. Box 999 Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621

The Samurai has been billed as "outrageously erotic entertainment" and "a zany spy spoof" filled with sex and symbolism. A nationwide promotional campaign pushed it onto the best-seller list. Advertisements have appeared in almost every men's magazine on the market.

It's a piece of shit. George MacBeth's writing varies from the clinical ("...she forced her vative Japanese is acquiring ancient samurai swords from collections and museums all over the world. In the process, she screws her operatives, a samurai swordsman and her pet dog, Alexis. She doles out blow-jobs, toe-jobs and snow-jobs from London to Gibraltar and back.

Eventually she is captured by the evil Nips and spirited away in their private submarine (subs are phallic). They have the swords on board (swords are very phallic), which they are returning to Japan as the first step in a plan to take over the islands, resurrect the old traditions and reestablish the dark chastity of isolationism in their country.

Bound to a huge metal table in the bowels of the sub, Cadbury is tortured with a new, improved—probably transistorized—Japanese version of the

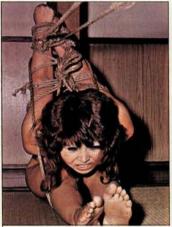
basic "kinky" cliches—mirrors, whips, butt fucking, dog fucking, threesomes, etc.—and has strung them all together in a boringly mechanical way. His writing is not realistic enough to have the power and suspense of the James Bond novels he claims to parody, and his characters are not drawn broadly enough to be funny. And MacBeth has butchered the turnon material—which is the unkindest cut of all.

### IMPERIAL BONDAGE

London Enterprises Limited Lyndon Distributing Limited 15756 Arminta Street Van Nuys, California 91406

If someday you are visiting Japan and you've just stumbled out of a shoeshine parlor/ their infatuation with cameras (crick), and you've got *Imperial Bondage*, a paperback book of 140 photos of Oriental women in bondage printed in "quivering color," to quote the cover. It is the product of fantastic photographic work and a Boy Scout who can tie knots like you've never seen.

No comparable collection of bondage photographs has ever appeared in the West. The American approach to bondage usually tends toward incredibly brutal devices, torture and satanic evilness. Imperial Bondage emphasizes a woman's beauty without denying the humiliation aspect that is basic to a picture of a bound woman. The simplicity of the poses, the artistry of the photography and the quality of the reproductions will rope you in whether you're a bondage fan or not.









When it comes down to bondage, photography and sensuality, the Japanese prove that they really know their ropes with Imperial Bondage.

body energetically up against the dog's as his hard slender pink organ entered her vagina. It took about seventeen strokes...") to the poetically trite ("'A sheath,' he murmured, for a world of swords.' 'Then sheathe yourself in me,' said Cadbury...."). In a word, *The Samurai* is soft-core—barely a cut above "he shoved his peepee into her no-no."

Cadbury, who is MacBeth's heroine, is the British Secret Service's new sexual secret weapon, "able to moisten her lips at a moment's notice, and for man, woman or beast." Her assignment is to discover the reasons a group of conser-

vibrator (now that's a phallic symbol if I've ever seen one). She escapes by lopping off the heads of two of her captors, and the plot thickens to about the consistency of menstrual flow with the blood of the Japs and Cadbury's pussy juice. Predictably, it turns out that the Secret Service had established and financed the samurai terrorists from the beginning and then destroys them when they get out of hand.

Erotic literature should be more than a love doll in print. It should create with detail and description a sex fantasy that the reader can almost fondle. MacBeth just pulled out the

opium den, staring bleary-eyed at your sparkling shoe tops. you might want to wander over to the cabarets around Shinjuku Station in Tokyo to take in the floor shows. Many of the seedy cafes in the Akasaka entertainment district feature nude female bondage acts onstage. Tanked on sake, you could wind up the evening in a neighboring massage parlor and practice a little restraint by tying up a girl for a couple of hours; light bondage has been a specialty of Japanese massage parlors for years.

The Japanese seem to know the ropes, and they like them. Combine this obsession with

The women are varied: slim and innocent adolescents, the classic geishas and painted hookers with bleached hair. These pictures show very little pubic hair—the panties are only halfway down, or the cunt is covered by an uncomfortably large knot, or a scarf is tucked between her thighs. However, the panties bulging between legs tied high in the air, the smooth ass exposed as the kimono is stripped away, the breasts straining against rough cords, nipples erect and red, are enough to convert you into a kamikaze ready to crash-dive your stiff cock into the glossy pages. Banzai!









issy never stopped being a tomboy. Not even after she developed beyond the stage where polo shirts and khaki shorts could no longer make her look like her brothers. "Even they noticed the curves in my shorts. I could tell by the lumps in their." she

the curves in my shorts. I could tell by the lumps in theirs," she grins. But it looks like it's been some time since Sissy has bothered wearing shorts for her frolics in the Louisiana sun.

Sissy has slowed down a little, though. "When it comes to fooling around, I just can't put out like I did when I was a kid. Now I like to lie back and be stroked in sunlight while I nurse a tall cocktail," she admits. And there's little doubt those quiet times give Sissy an opening to plan more mischief.

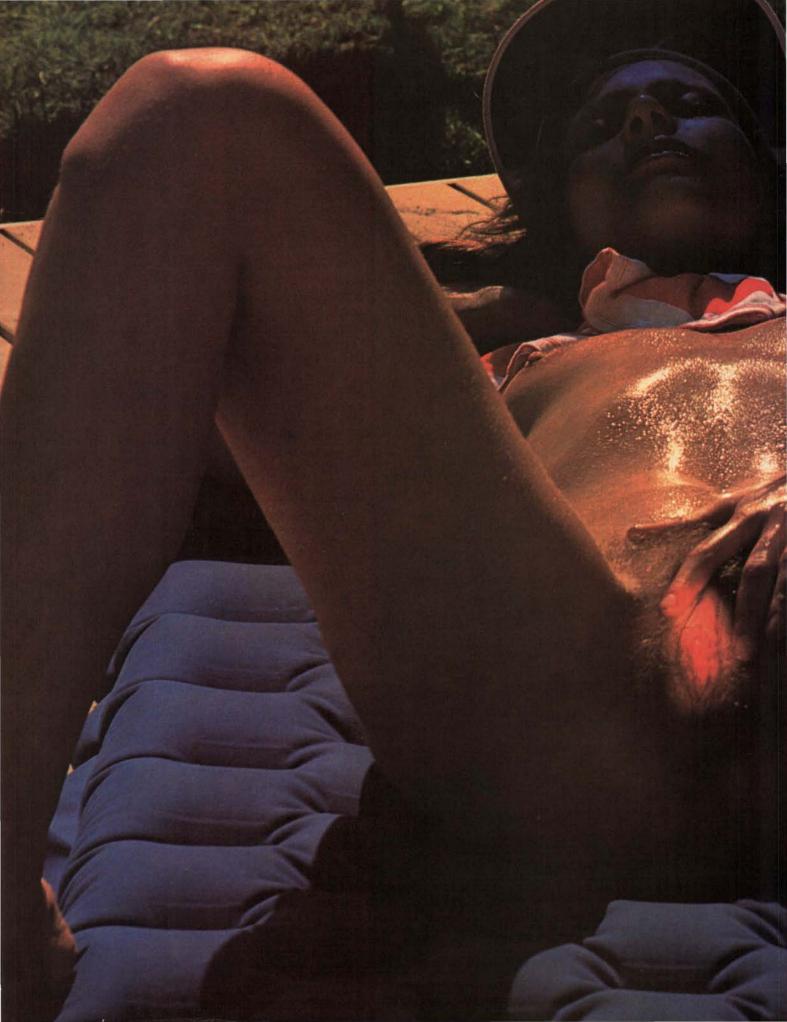
Will Sissy ever settle down for good?

"Maybe when I'm old and fat, or if I ever find a man who's as ornery as me. Until then, I still have a few pranks to pull." She can put one over on us any time.

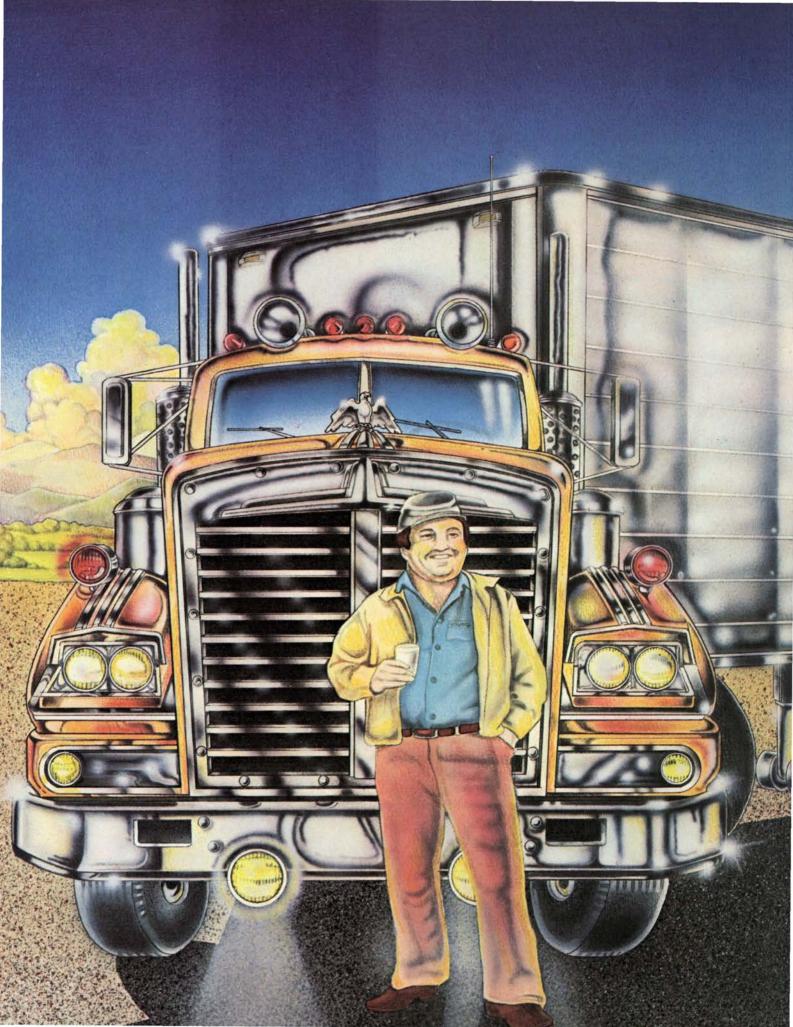


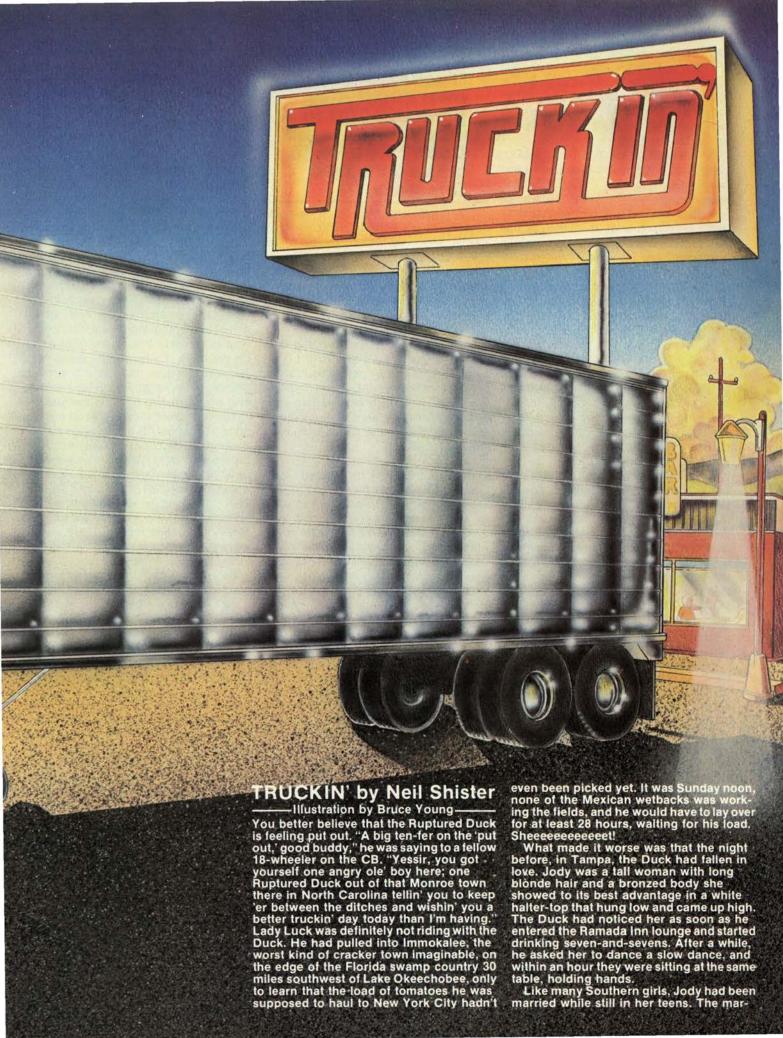












riage hadn't been good for a long time, but she had hung in there until her husband had a bad car accident and spent three days in a coma. She found another woman with him in the recovery room. For the last year, she had been living alone with her 18-year-old son in Lakeland.

By midnight, Duck and Jody, looking deeply into each other's eyes and kissing passionately in the dark of the dance floor, were cooing away. However, the woman with Jody, married to Jody's brother at 17 and a grandmother at 31 ("I thought that was a record until I heard Loretta Lynn was a grandmother at 29"), was getting restless. A proud and proper Christian lady, she wasn't at all interested in playing around. "Ready?" she asked impatiently, wanting to go home. "Oh, whenever..." Jody had sighed, unhappily.

The Duck walked the sister-in-law to her car and, while she waited, took Jody around back to see his rig. Earlier in the day, he had paid \$25 to have it washed since he trucks better when driving a clean outfit. The 43foot refrigerated trailer and hulking White Freightliner 13-gear diesel cab gleamed in the neon-blue lights of the parking lot. Jody was visibly impressed.

Clinging close, laying lip on him like there he hang around Tampa another day? The Duck hadn't had a woman in six weeks, and she claimed she hadn't had a man since leaving her husband. Imagine the temptation! "Honey," the Duck said, pulling himself together, "I can't think of nothing sweeter than spending a day with you on the beach, but I gotta be on the road by four o'clock this morning so I can pick up a load at ten. But you know there's no way I'm not coming back here soon to see you."

Now, he's stuck in a deserted packing plant, fucked over by a producer who wanted to make sure that he had a truck heading north even before he had the produce to fill it.

The plant guard, a bony redneck with an earring in one ear and half-crazed eyes from spending too much time in the sun, reckoned there would be a load by the next afternoon. Looking desolate, the Duck slumped on a crate while the guard, naked children running around at his feet, got into a story about local winos. "Pains in the ass. ya know, always comin' by beggin'. We fix 'em good, though. Yes, indeed. Tomatoes get picked green off the vine, and then we run them through chlorine gas so's they be ripe at market. But some fall off the line to the bottom of the bath. Ain't no good to us then, bein' half poison. So when a wino comes lookin' for a handout, them is the ones what we let him have. Ain't nobody comes back a second time. Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

An independent trucker with his own outfit may pocket \$600 in a week. "Ruptured Duck" figures to make \$20,000 this year.

The Duck wanted to know if there was anything to do in town. "Ain't no movie theater here. You best go see the Million Dollar Log over at Miller's bar. The old man's got him this cyprus log underneath a shade tree. Last year, he reckoned a million dollars' worth of booze been drunk settin' on that log. Yup, a Million Dollar Log. Real tourist attraction!"

Immokalee, Florida...with nothing to do, nothing to load, no place to go. Twohundred miles up the coast a beautiful lady craving your body, and you might never see her again...your belly bloated from a five A.M. roadside breakfast of stale doughnuts and sour coffee...the romantic trucker's life. Sheeeeeeeet!

The Ruptured Duck has been driving a was no tomorrow, she wondered: Couldn't truck for 17 years. All his working life he's been gear-jamming, except for two years as a helicopter gunner in Vietnam, eight months when he lost his license for driving while under the influence and four weeks recovering from that damn steel chain that snapped off a load and broke his arm. He runs in 48 states, bringing potatoes from Idaho to Texas, where Frito-Lay makes them into chips, taking turkey from the Maryland Tidewater to California, hauling winter lettuce from Georgia to Maine. A week before being stranded in Immokalee, he had trucked through subzero weather in North Dakota; weather so cold that he had left his engine running through the night while he slept so he could be sure it would start in the morning. A week from now, he didn't know where he'd be.

> More than ten million Americans earn their living by trucking. Most drive small outfits and make local runs. They leave their own homes in the morning and sleep in their own beds at night. For them, trucking is a job. For people like the Ruptured Duck, driving giant rigs as big as freight cars, sometimes as many as 15 hours a day, six days a week, the road is a way of life. The pay is good. A company driver usually earns 17 cents a mile. An independent with his own outfit, if he can find high-paying loads and go across the country and back in seven days, may pocket \$600 in a week. The Duck drives for Junior Griffin, a 30year-old Carolina boy who never finished

high school ("us Griffins have always been dumb"), and who in five years has put together a 20-rig fleet of 18-wheelers. Instead of a fixed salary, the Duck gets a percentage of the load he pulls. This year, he figures to make around \$20,000. The work is hard, though, and like most other long-distance truckers, the Duck doesn't stay in it just for the money.

Trucking gets in your blood. Some say it's a disease—white-line fever—that infects a man early in life and leaves him forever wanting to be on the move. The bad times are more than outweighed by the good ones: When you're rolling down the highway in overdrive, the tachometer flattened out at 20,000 rpms, 80,000 pounds of load and machine responding to your touch, the sun setting over an endless horizon of flat road, and all those problems of yesterday left behind as you plow through the night, eating up the miles. These are the moments of exquisite freedom that haunt a trucker's memory when he leaves the business and that often lure him back on the road.

The Red Onion tried to give up trucking once. He got his CB handle when he was pushing a red clunker that should have been put out of its misery. He was crawling up a hill, in low gear as usual, when he asked himself, "What's red and stinks?" Soon afterward, he quit trucking to stay home with his wife and son. Working in a factory got to him, though. There was always somebody looking over his shoulder, telling him how to do his job.

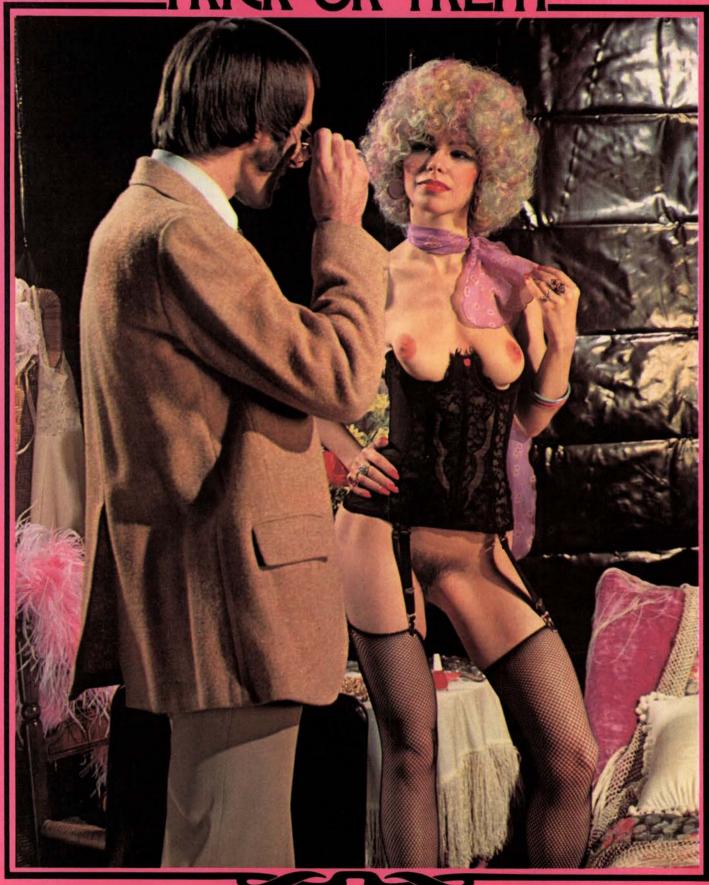
He left the East for California, bought a secondhand tractor for \$18,000 and started trucking again for himself. He will drive 100,000 miles this year, bumping up and down because his springs are worn thin ("Most truckers that I know got piles or hemorrhoids"), driving back roads so he can bypass the weigh stations on the interstate ("Can't make any money these days if you keep to the legal load limit"). Pictures of his son are tacked up in his cab. When feeling low, he thinks of what he'll do his first morning home: He and his boy will wash the truck together and then go off fishing. Why does he keep trucking? "I love it, that's all. What else are you going to do where you see something different and talk to new people every day? I love riding through the land and looking at the country. There's still places I've never seen. How could I be cooped up all day in a shop?"

The lure of the road is tough to resist. Interstate truckers live in a world all their own, a world where they're always just passing through. They cut through other people's lives and move through the lights of other people's towns. Looking out from the heights of their perch eight feet above

(continued on page 105)

34

TRICK OR TREAT\_\_\_





ewitching, isn't she? But beware, evil spirits walk abroad on Halloween. When this witch bitch turns a trick, she may not treat you right. Don't stare at the full moon, or the spell she casts may have you behaving queerly. At first, it's almost fun to submit—to put on makeup and slip into a sexy Halloween costume just for the hell of it. Then the real hobgoblin starts, and it isn't fun anymore-it's exciting. You're sucked in deeper and deeper by her supernatural powers, hypnotized by that black cat between her thighs. When the hex has worked its evil, you are a slave to sex, a zombie of perversion—at least until sunrise.



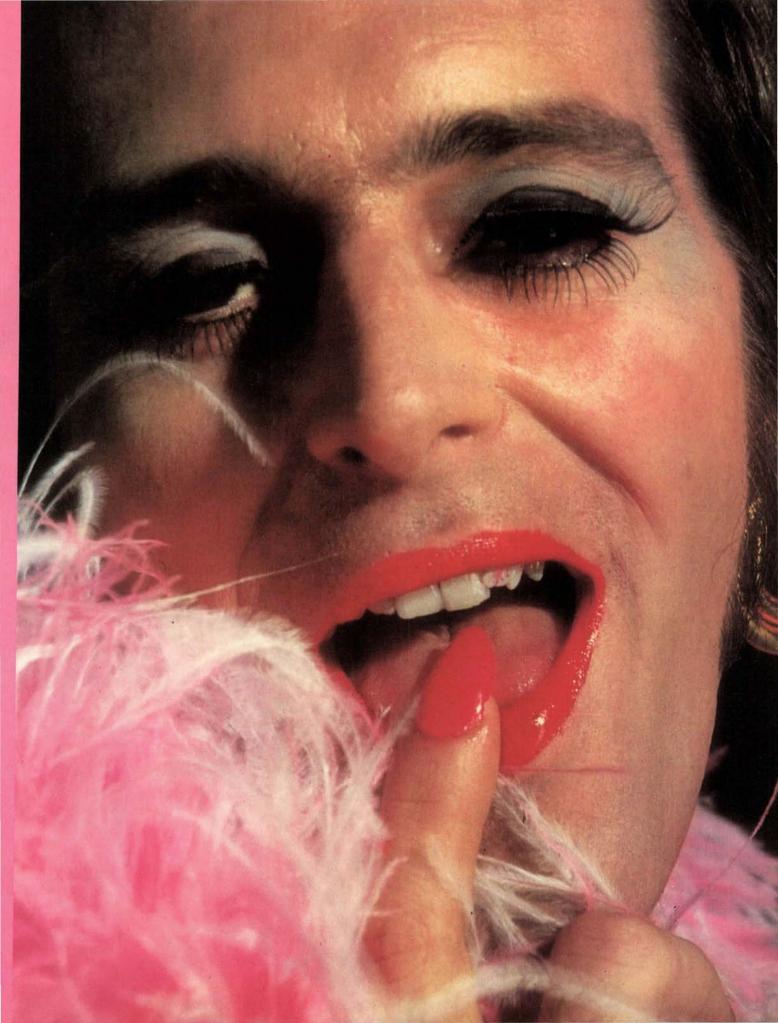


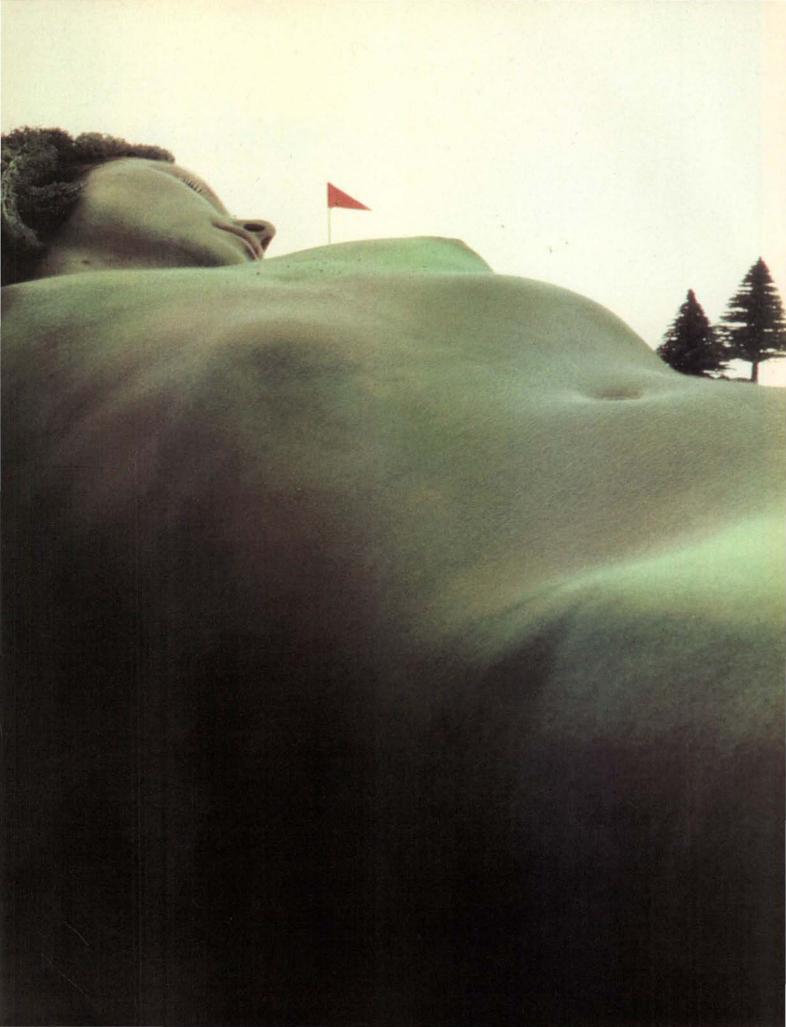




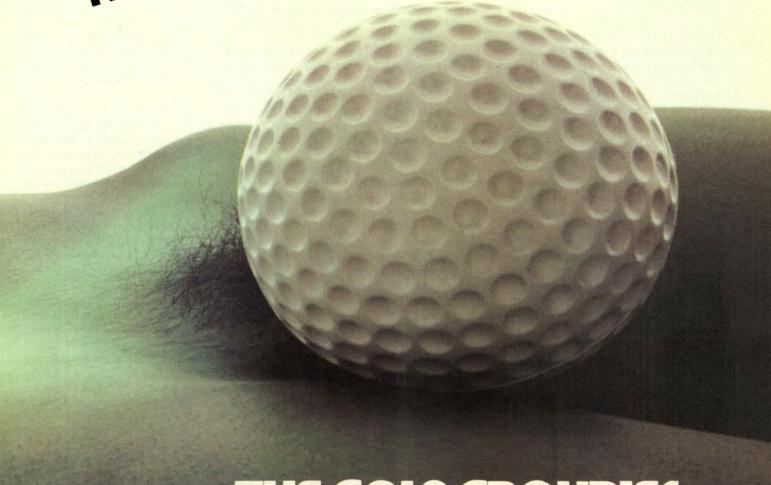








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## THE GOLF GROUPIES

They came roaring into town on big DC-7s, into midsummer's scorching heat. They rode in the first-class cabin, lobster and champagne, and held wicked conversation with one another. Some of them did. Others gathered around the champions, admiring them, enticing them with their sophisticated selves, alluring, and luring the men into their own sensual, intoxicated worlds. Cartier jewels on their fingers. They toted Gucci bags, and Yves St. Laurent summer gowns draped their bodies. They sounded as if Vassar or Wellesley were in their backgrounds, the way their lips hardly moved when they spoke. They smelled of money, everything about them did, and they were available, so they said in so many words. But not for a price. Free. They were free. For the cham-

pions-and the champions exclusively.

The champions had seen them before, most of them anyway, at just about every tournament, and they had talked to them, and often had slept with them, no strings attached. For some they were "intelligent girls," for others, "terrific women." Masters Champion Ray Floyd calls them class broads.

They're the golf-tour groupies—or birdies or golfies—hardly appropriate names for the creme de la creme of female sports fans.

The three dozen or so regular golfies who follow professional golf come from similar backgrounds, and there is a great similarity in the way they look, too—tall, blonde, sophisticated and healthy—as if they belong on a golf course. Almost without exception they are divorcees and widows who had well-heeled husbands. A few own their own businesses, seasonal ones usually, boutiques, women's sportswear shops, that they either close up or leave under the care of a trusted manager or friend when they're on the pro golf tour.

The regulars (those who hit at least 15 of the 47 tournaments) know one another, and like the golfers themselves, they travel in pairs or small groups. They compare notes on cock sizes, sexual capabilities and what turns the pros on.

They know beforehand which motels the pros will be staying in and make reservations in advance. Often they'll be sitting a table away at breakfast from pros they have just been in the sack with. (Of course, they can't go over and tell them how nice it was because the pros' wives wouldn't exactly appreciate the gesture.)

The golfies range in age between 20 and 40, averaging out around 27, about seven years older than groupies in other sports. In their backgrounds are country-club childhoods and athletic fathers and brothers.

The golfie is a different breed of sport groupie.

Go to a prizefight. Sit at ringside. Count the women there in the front row, and during the fight watch their faces glistening with sweat. Watch their hands and how they curl up under their dresses, in between their legs, while they witness their surrogate lovers do battle in the ring. Notice how, with glassy eyes and parted lips, they watch their champions. Appreciate how fortunate these women are to be lost in their masturbatory reverie while the men they lust for are beating one another's brains out. Notice, too, that most of them are white while up there on the canvas their champions (with whom they suffer and smile, win and lose) are black. Go to any fight, fly or heavyweight, and you'll see them.

# "The best! Not only did she clean my entire body with her tongue, she even got my toenails."

From the golfie's point of view, this dumb show of appreciation, this onanist's wet dream, is *not* a classy act. These women who follow the fighters are too obvious (one wonders why they aren't arrested on public indecency charges as they sit fingerfucking themselves at ringside) and they are content to moon over their men from afar. For a golfie, unrequited love's a bore. And though a golfie might admire the shiny muscles of the prizefighters—as athletes they are interesting—the boxers would not be at home on golf course greens and in country club dining rooms. They are not quite suitable for the elitist golfie.

The other major sports groupies—football and baseball types—are all over the damn place. They are the locusts of professional sports, this battalion of indiscriminate Twinkies racing pell-mell for whomever gives the go-ahead. They'll ball a 65-year-old trainer because he gave Steve Garvey a rubdown. The golfies are as lusty as these broads, but a golfie's pursuit tactics are not quite so fevered nor is she so indiscriminate.

(Although at the 1972 Sahara Invitational in Las Vegas, one golfie did an unladylike thing when she got past the guards into the locker room, stepped out of her clothes and wanted to know if there was someone who wanted to rub her back. The word got out in a hurry, and there was a stampede from the tenth green, including the guards, whom she also took on. The officials barred her from the tournament, to which young turk Lanny Wadkins quipped, "She was the only one who didn't make the cut.")

So the golfie is a breed apart (usually) from the other ball enthusiasts, the other women who chase athletes. She is sleek, glamorous and pursues her prey with lusty finesse and grace.

But who is her champion? Well, there are the big hitters and big money-winners like Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller, and the young turks like Jerry Heard and Hubie Green, and the "mouths" like Lee Trevino, Doug Sanders, Dave Hill and Masters champ Ray Floyd. Way down on the list, struggling, are the rabbits who occasionally get consolation from not making the cut by

hopping in the sack with a golfie who condescends to sleep with someone who is less than a champion.

What is the champion's appeal to the golfie (other than the dubious distinction of having fucked a celebrity)? Golfers are beer-drinking, heterosexual, straight-as-apin, broad-chasing sports freaks and yet they are equally at home in opulent social situations. They play a Republican sport, and Republicans are traditionally straight. With golfers there aren't even any rumors about off-the-wall activities.

That's what the golfies like about them. Golfers are not as oddball as other pro athletes and entertainers—there are no bizarre sex scenes, no rampaging egos, no drugs.

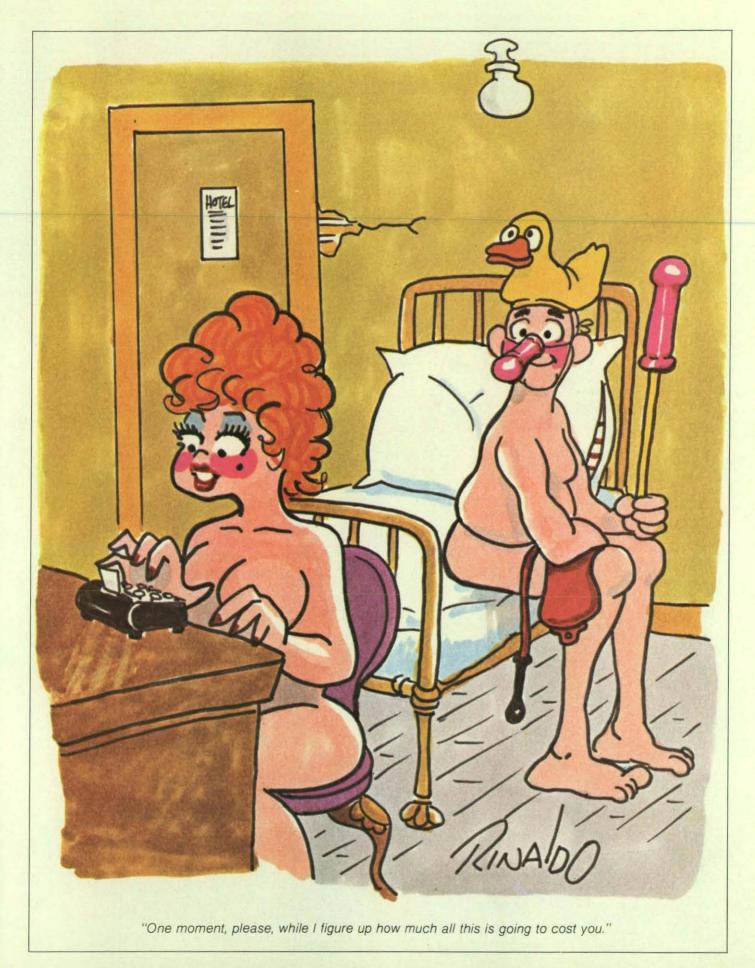
Golfers are always on the road and don't fraternize with other sports figures. They have their idols, but there's not the cross-socializing going on that other sports figures enjoy. Nor do the pro golfers seem to have or want access to other stars—to the entertainment world,

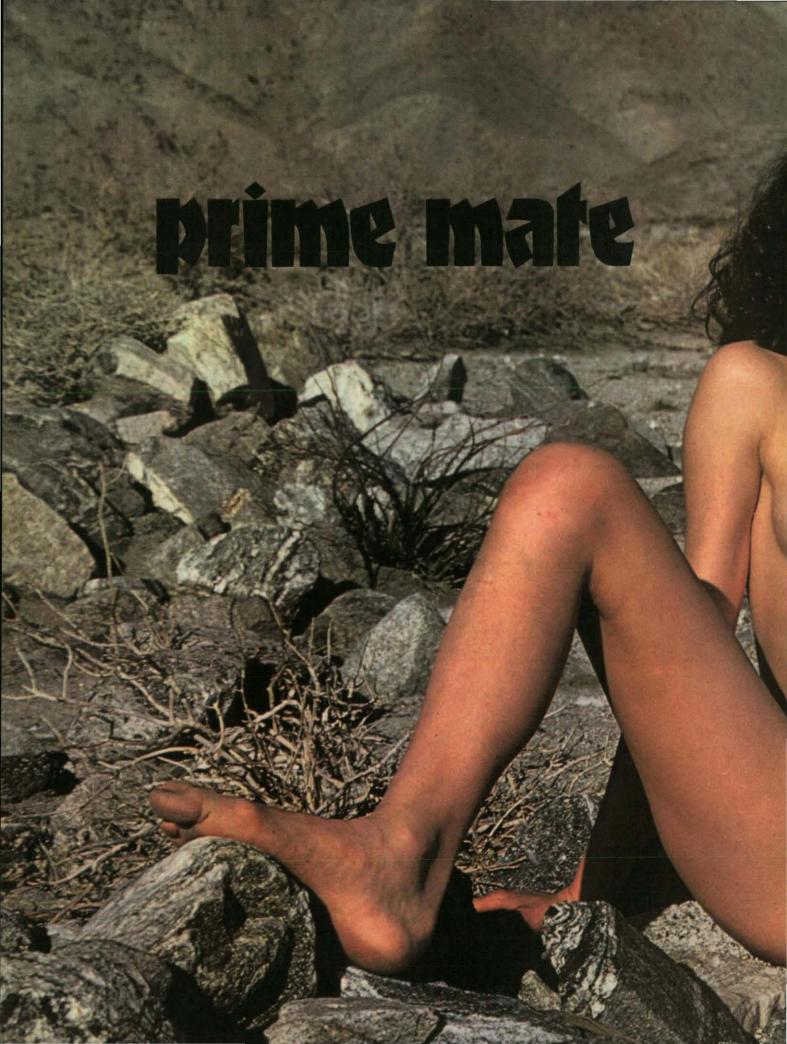
The straight, down-to-earth pro golfer appeals to "Dina," who is an ex-football groupie. At 18 Dina began dating Dallas Cowboys, and when her father was transferred to Miami, she dated members of the Dolphins.

"I used to like football guys," she told me at the 1976 Bob Hope Classic, "but that was a fad for me. They were new and different, but ultimately they kept saying the same things over and over and making it with me in the same way. And they think they're king shit, but if you want to know the truth, they're not. They find something they like—like me on top, OK, or from behind or something a little kinkier—and they stick with it. That's it. No variety. It got boring. They're all the same, football players are.

"I gave them up about three years ago when I started dating golfers. They may not be as flashy as football players, but they're more stable. They're not into passing me back and forth to their friends. They're much more honest with me, and generous. Plus, it's good for me, for my health. I like being outside. I like walking along with them, talking to them. In football, all you do is watch them from the 50-yard line. Big deal. Out on the course you get a tan and feel healthy. There are no smelly locker rooms or hanging around bars all night. The pros out here have to play almost every day. They have to be in bed early. Pro golfers are much nicer and more considerate. They know how to treat a woman, not like some piece of flesh with '69 cents a pound' stamped on her forehead.

"And they're not always trying to prove (continued on page 86)





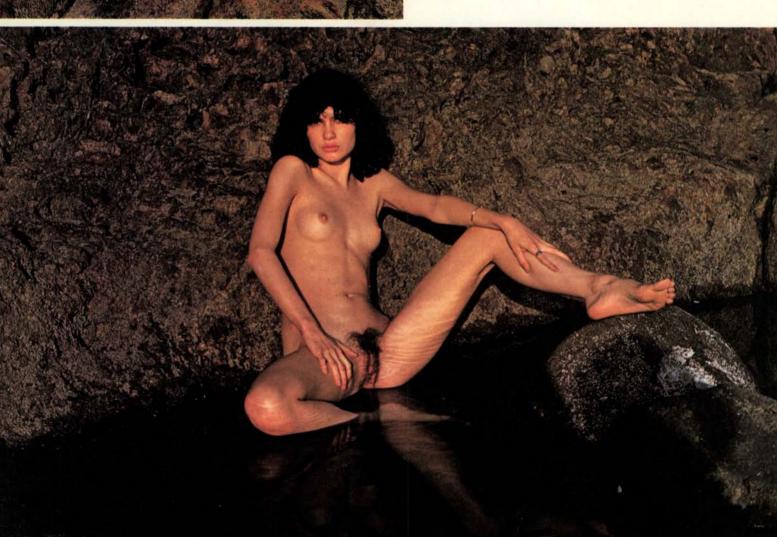




his is primal woman in her savage state—wily and vulnerable as an untamed beast drinking watchfully at a mountain spring. Her body is lithe and wiry as a panther's, with lean muscles you can feel moving under her skin when she throws her arms around you to scratch, pinch and pummel your back. Her tight skin is as tough as rawhide, yet she is soft and yielding. She is at your command.

Like a Stone Age woman, she exists to fulfill man's brutal sexual needs, which are asserted by seizing her and roughly taking her on the ground, the dust and pebbles flying as grappling bodies roll and tumble over the bare earth. And when the animalistic fuck is over, she stretches languidly and steals away to lick her wounds.

Modern man yearns for such a time when knocking off a piece of ass was just a matter of swinging a mean club.









## **SEX FREAKS**

### Simons' Book of World Sexual Records Illustrated

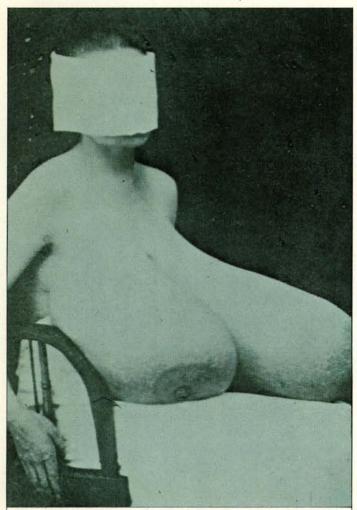
#### by Mark Baker

What a piece of work is man, the Cadillac of animals. Unfortunately, there are some jokers on the assembly line, and Simons' Book of World Sexual Records Illustrated is the joker's jokebook.

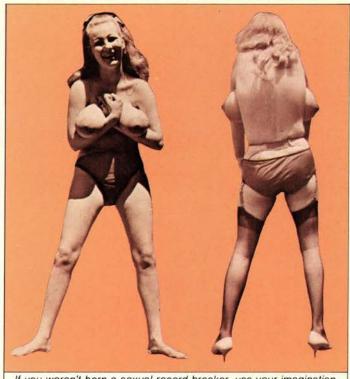
#### **BIG BAZOOMS**

Mark Twain once said that he believed God created man because He was disappointed with the gorilla. Man isn't always satisfied either. The human body is just too frail: a receptacle for every blight from hemorrhoids to freak biological anomalies, the latter of which are well represented on these pages.

Take these tits (bottom, left), for example. For the last 20



The Great American wet dream can become a nightmarish reality.



If you weren't born a sexual record breaker, use your imagination.

years or so, the Great American Turn-on has been female breasts. Generally speaking, the bigger the better. OK, here are the biggest the Big Joker has available. The woman pictured here is suffering from hyperthyroidism. Simons says that this condition can cause a woman to have breasts that weigh up to 52 pounds. However, he does not say whether he means 52 pounds each or 52 pounds total. But the distinction is academic.

When Simons talks about the biggest, that's exactly what he means. Don't expect a dry discussion about the relative merits of Chesty Morgan and Carol Doda, the silicone queen. These famous women pulled themselves up by their own bra straps. However, only God can break a sexual record.

#### **BOOBY PRIZE**

Who's to say which is worse: Two gigantic tits or four breasts of a more moderate size? This bitch (center, right) came into this less than perfect world without warning. Nobody ever asked her if she wanted to be exceptional. And only God knows the trouble this poor lady must have had when it was time to buy a training bra. It's doubtful she got much con-



Four tits, and no one sucking?



Embarrassment or extra erotica?

solation from the knowledge that someday she would appear in Simons' Book of World Sexual Records Illustrated.

#### **NIPPED IN THE BUD**

Genetics also sneaked up on this lady (opposite page, bottom) with double nipples on her tits. She could put the Milk Lady of porno movie fame to shame. Two spigots, and no waiting. In fact, she probably didn't get much for her Godgiven talent: immortality in the

to enhance sexual enjoyment. Perhaps.

#### **TIT TRICKS**

On the other hand, not every person is satisfied with being normal. If someone feels that the Creator wasn't creative enough, you can count on the human imagination to come up with something bizarre. This woman (opposite page, top) can't quite throw her knockers over her shoulders, but she



It takes balls to keep on living.

the superlative "most creative" in the category of bazooms.

#### **PULLING A LEG**

What are we to make of the photograph seen here (center. left)? At first glance it might seem as if this woman has the world's largest cunt. You might think she has demonstrated its size by stuffing a six-yearold child into her womb. In fact, those legs dangling between her legs are-well-her legs. Her name is Myrtel Corbin, a Texas sideshow performer who claimed she had a cunt for each pair of legs. Whatever the truth of the matter, she managed to bear five children one way or the other. (Maybe both ways.)

#### **ODDBALLS**

It is tough enough to retain a shred of human dignity in our modern and civilized society without the drawback of some kind of sexual deformity. But who would argue that it's impossible to be noble with elephantiasis-especially if your scrotum and balls weigh 120 pounds (top of page).

However, according to Mr. Simons, the man pictured here was successfully cured of his condition by a simple operation. We dare not ask what Simons means by "a simple operation," and, conveniently enough, Simons refrains from telling us.

#### THREE-LEGGED RACER

The lack of information can be a problem, though. Simons's book tends to leave out some

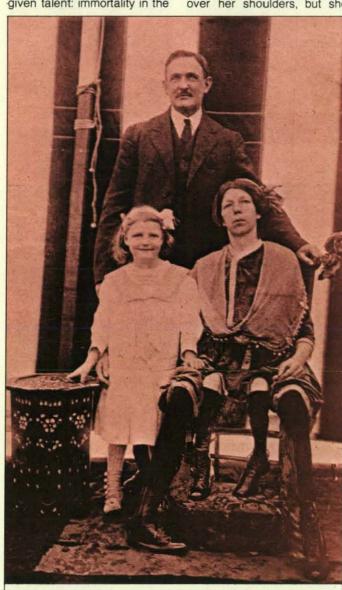
of the interesting details and gory bits of gossip that you bought the goddamn thing for in the first place. For instance, here's Francesco Lentini, (bottom, right), billed by a circus as the "Three-Legged Wonder." Simons tells us that allegedly the man has two "short arms" as well as three legs. But he doesn't say if Lentini got an erection in both pricks simultaneously, or if he could ball two women at the same time side by side, or if he had to commandeer two urinals when he took a piss, or if he liked mayonnaise on his ham and cheese.

#### THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE DEVIANT

It could just be that there wasn't space for extraneous detail. After all, the scholar doesn't limit himself to matters of the human body, or exclusively to human sexuality. Simons takes care to report on the entire spectrum of sexuality on this planet from spores to sponges, from amoebas to apes, from virgin birth to vomit eaters. Starting with the genesis of the whole slimy mess, Simons credits algae with the first sexual reproduction over two billion years ago. Imagine little hairlike arms flagellating each other into a sexual fren-



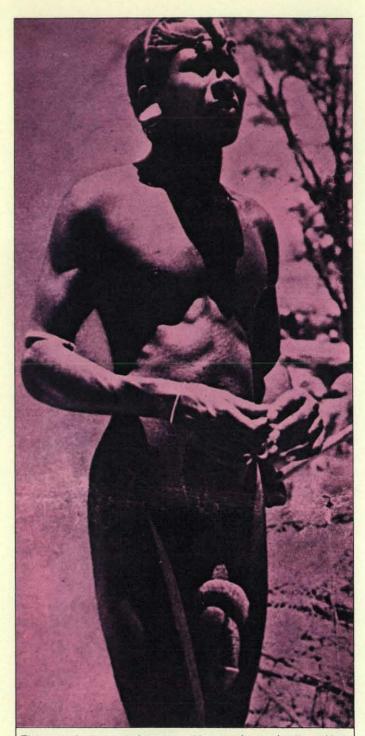
Some of the details are missing.



What has four legs, five kids and is condemned to work in a circus?

guise of a joke postcard sold under the counter in tourist traps and a cameo appearance in an 8mm loop. Most people don't realize that what she really has there is another erogenous zone, something extra to caress to erection and

did manage to squeeze them under her arms. Would you have thought of that? You probably don't have tits big enough to do it even if you had thought it up-and neither does your wife. For this unique presentation, Simons gives her



The man who seems to have everything may have a knotty problem.

zy—or at least as much of a frenzy as algae are capable of.

He continues from these humble beginnings to the most enlightened research and the most deviant behavior that the human mind is capable of devising. The personalities responsible for these outstanding advances, both humanitarian and inhumane, fill much of the world record book. The Marquis de Sade makes a formal appearance, as does

Dr. Alfred Kinsey, the modern pioneer of sexual research. However, the most interesting heroes and villains of sexuality are those lesser-known individuals who carved out their niches in Simons's book without gaining great renown.

For example, Item 428: Impotence treatment—most famous charlatan, relates the fascinating story of Dr. John R. Brinkley. Brinkley, making great strides in medical fraud.

accumulated a fortune of \$12 million in 20 years' time by transplanting goat glands into 16,000 men who were worried about their sexual prowess. Also, for a mere \$25, this quack, the recipient of every bogus medical degree available for a price, would inject an impotent male with colored distilled water. Now that's a great villain.

We all know the names and the dimensions of heroes like Johnny "Wadd" Holmes and Harry Reems, but what of the unsung giants of sexuality like Mikael Tubuto (left), a native of Zanzibar whose johnson is so bodacious he has to tie it in a knot? He has not tried to capitalize on his gift. His is a quiet existence devoid of any glamor or fame. Mikael is just looking for a record-breaking pussy—he's no different than the rest of us.

#### OTHER DISORDERS

The only problem with this huge compendium of information is that the index is incomplete. In the heat of an argument, you could flip from page to page for quite a while without finding the answer to your particular question. If it were a hardcover book, you could settle your differences quicker by beating your opponent over the head with it than by searching for the answer.

There are exactly 1000 entries in G. L. Simons's book, which makes me slightly suspicious of some of his information. He prompted my suspicion when he questioned one sex authority's generosity in suggesting that there are only 14,288,400 different cunnilingus positions. Simons writes, "This strikes me as being rather perplexing. Is he sure that there are not 14,288,401?" I feel Simons padded out his information to reach the magic number of a thousand. Simons, are you sure there aren't 1001 world sexual records, or on the other hand, only 547?

Despite these faults, G. L. Simons has finally supplied the public with the information that the "other book of world

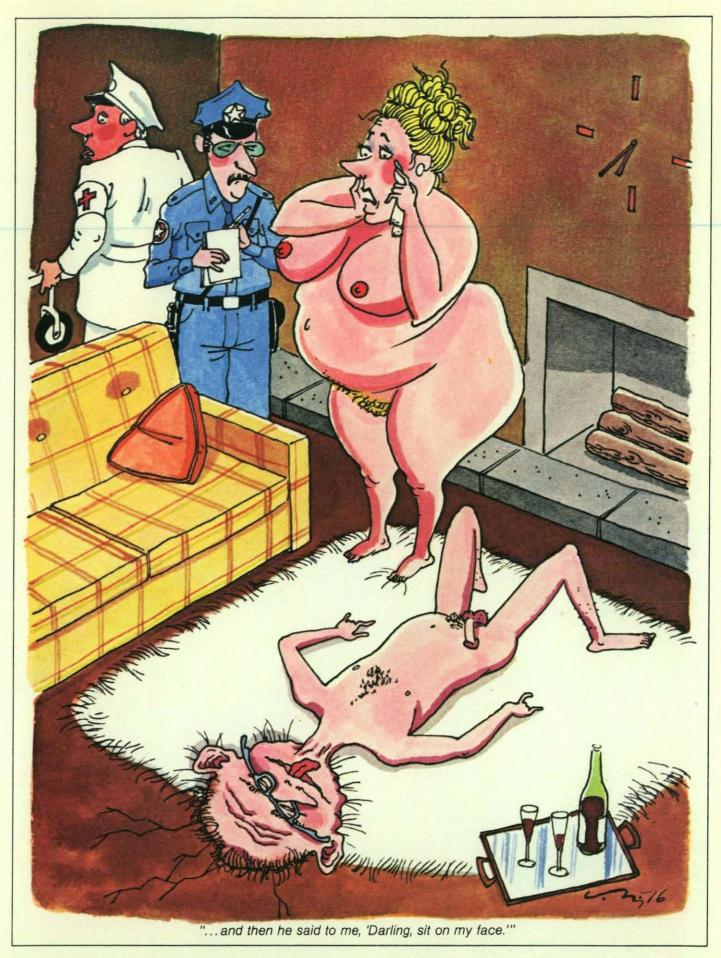


A child's consciousness of sex.

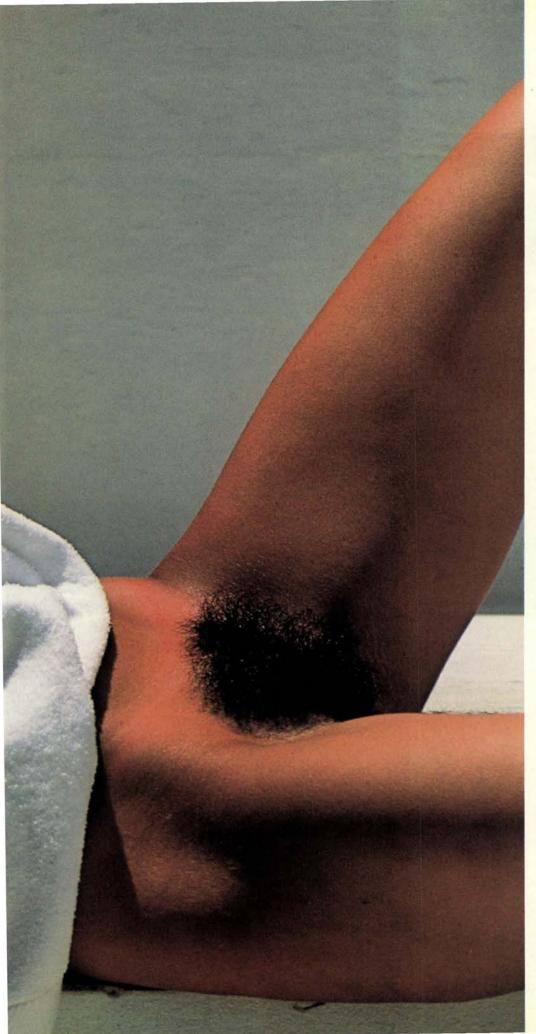
records" was too prudish or fearful to include. We needed it. Most people in our society are like the little boy pictured at the top of this page. He was sexually mature at the age of five. Like him, many of us have fully developed balls and plenty of pubic hair but are still children in terms of our sexual consciousness. Simons's book vastly adds to the knowledge and understanding of our own sexuality. For this he must be commended.

Simons' Book of World Sexual Records Illustrated can be obtained from Broadway Bookfinders, Department SXH, 245 West 19th Street, New York, New York 10011. The cost is \$5.95, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Can you beat any of Simons's world sexual records? If you have documented proof, including photographs, that you have broken any of Simons's world sexual records, send them to HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'll pay you \$50 if we decide to publish your photos in Bits & Pieces. Then we'll forward your information to Simons. If he can corroborate all the details of your story, he will immortalize your achievement in Simons' Book of World Sexual Records Illustrated.







## Sheila: a hard worker

Sheila is a hardworking mother who
is totally into
sex. A 29-year-old
Columbus, Ohio,
divorcee with two
children, she makes
her own way in the
world. After a long day,
she likes to unwind by
working out with a
man. When she's relaxed, her sultry,
satiny body is at
its best.

She enjoys making love in the late afternoon, "when my workday is over, but the night is just beginning. I like to start by sucking my man's toes and then gently pushing my tongue into his ear. Then I kiss and suck and lick all over his body, until, teased into a frenzy, he flips me onto my back and shows me who's boss."

Sheila likes taking care of business.

Years of the simmering, salty, erotic life have brought Sheila to the peak of her sexual appetite.



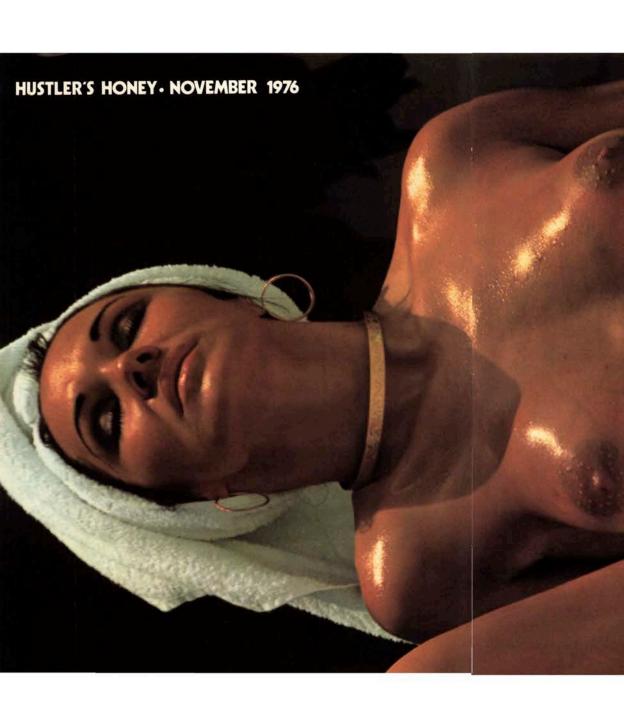
She is mature, so she sees no point in playing coy office games and pretending that her interest in a man is purely professional, without a flicker

of smoldering desire.
When Sheila makes a date for a drink after work, she makes it understood that she expects her man will do more for her than light her cigarette—she

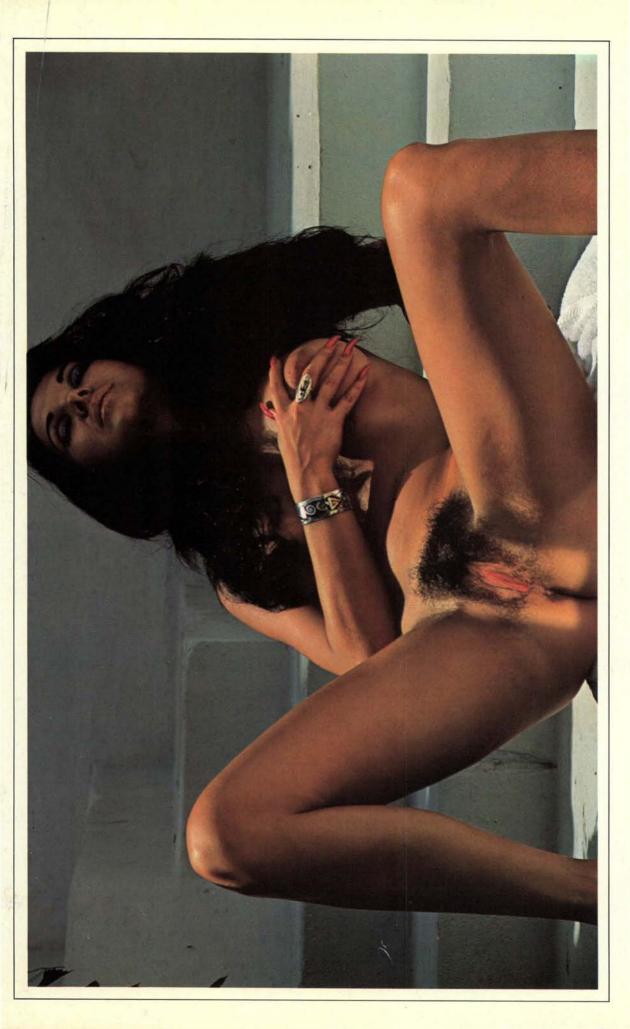
wants him to light her fire.

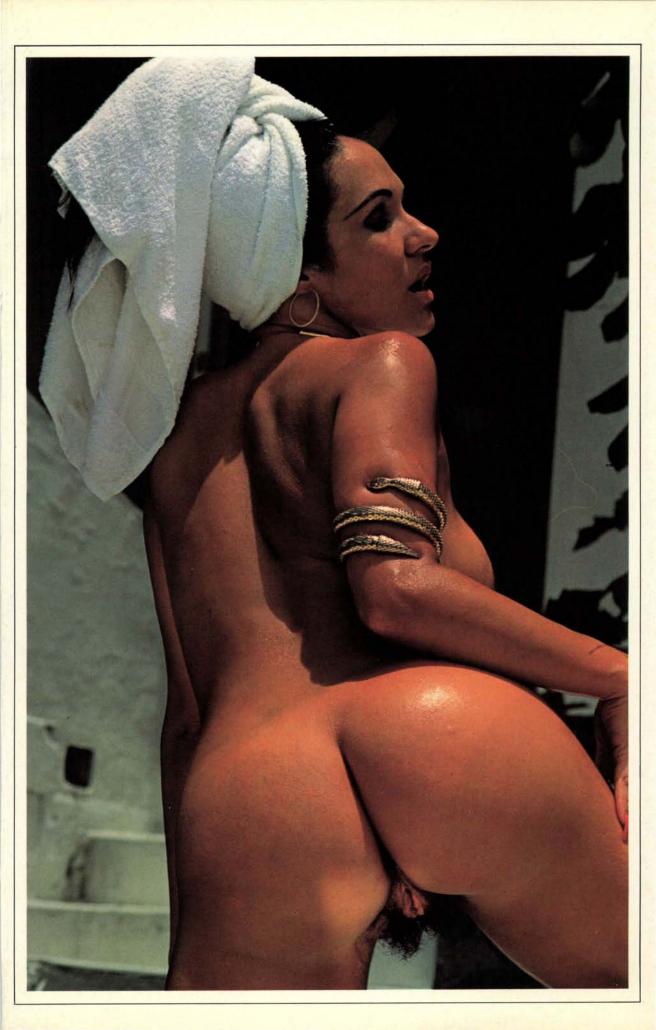
An up-and-coming young man will find that, with Sheila, "early to bed, early to rise" takes on a whole new meaning.

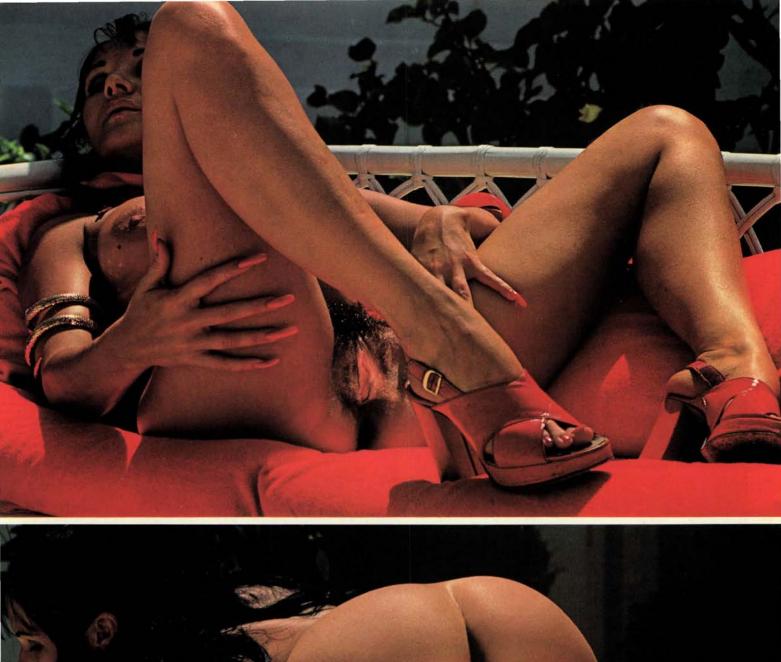








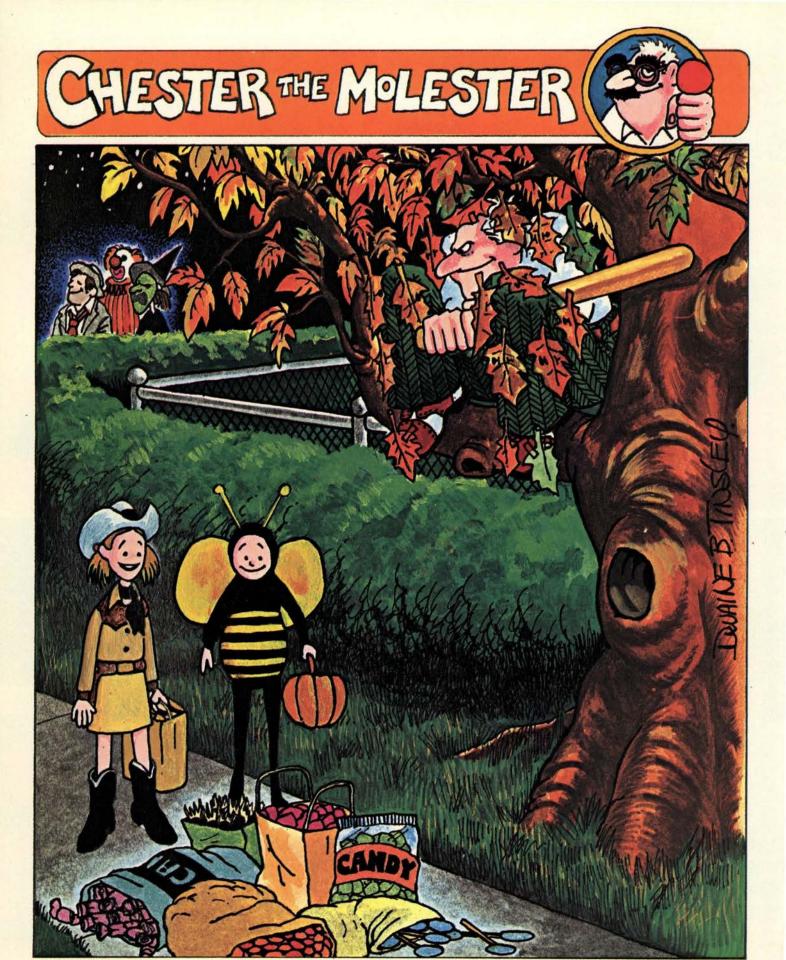








Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker



## HUSTLER HUMOR...

While sweet, innocent Cherry was getting dressed for her first date, her dad thought it was an appropriate time to offer her his gems of wisdom.

"Now, Cherry," he began, "I want you home at 11 o'clock sharp. And you act like a lady. That means you can only kiss him once."

At the drive-in, Cherry was surprised by what the couple in the next car were doing. When she confronted her date with this question, he replied, "They're just making sandwiches, Cherry."

"Can we make sandwiches, too?" she inquired.

Momentarily stunned, he replied, "Sure!"

When Cherry arrived home at two A.M., her angry father, who had been waiting for her to return, met her at the door. "What have you been doing, Cherry?"

Surprised by his anger, Cherry sweetly answered, "I was just making sandwiches, dad."

Her father sarcastically replied, "And I suppose that's just mayonnaise running down your leg!"

A trucker walks into a restaurant and orders a bowl of chicken noodle soup. After receiving his order, he starts yelling crazily. The waitress asks what his problem is, and the pissed-off trucker yells, "There's a hair in my soup, and I'm not going to pay for this crap!" So the man walks out and heads across the street to a whorehouse. The waitress follows the man and asks the madam if

she can watch and see what he's doing. As she peeks through the door, she sees the trucker eating out the whore. The waitress charges in and screams, "You son of a bitch! You wouldn't eat your soup because it had a hair in it and now look at you!" The trucker pulls his head up and replies, "And I'll tell you another thing. If I find a noodle in here, I ain't paying for this, either."

**D**id you hear about the Polish guy who studied five days for a urine test—and then flunked it?

A gynecologist was about to examine a patient whose cunt was extremely large. As the doctor approached the table, she stretched her legs until the veins stood out on her ankles. "You needn't open so wide, ma'am," he told her. "I plan to stand outside to work."

Did you hear the one about the prostitute who had leprosy? She was doing OK until her business fell off.

While strolling down the street, a man was confronted by a guy dashing from a house stuttering and stammering in hysterical excitement. "M-My w-wife, s-sh-she's having a-a s-seizure! I-I n-need some h-help!"

The two of them raced into the house and ran up the stairs and into the bedroom. There was the man's wife, completely nude, jerking, gagging and thrashing all over the bed.

"P-pl-please," the husband cried, "h-help m-me t-tie h-her d-down." The man obliged.

"T-tie d-down her I-left I-leg." The man obeyed.

"N-now t-tie d-down her r-right I-leg." He did.

"T-tie d-down her I-left arm." Again the man complied.
"N-now t-tie d-down h-her r-right arm." Again the man did as the husband asked.

After her right arm was tied down, the stuttering guy removed his clothes, mounted his wife and said, "N-now c-cut her loose!"

A transvestite went out hustling each evening. When approached by a customer, he would explain that he was having his period and could only give blowjobs. This deception went over pretty well until the evening that he took on a big, hardass Polack. The Polack settled for the blow-job. but right in the middle of being sucked off he told the transvestite that he wanted to fuck

him in the ass. The transvestite was no match for the big guy and was soon bent over with a big cock buried deep in his ass. In the excitement, the transvestite started to get a hard-on. Just about that time, the Polack put his hand around to the front, felt the transvestite's stiff prick and exclaimed, "Hot damn, that's how I like it: in one end and out the

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines an appointment at the gynecologist as a clit stop.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a cheap loser as a guy who fucks an old whore, turns the rubber inside out, fucks her again and catches the clap.

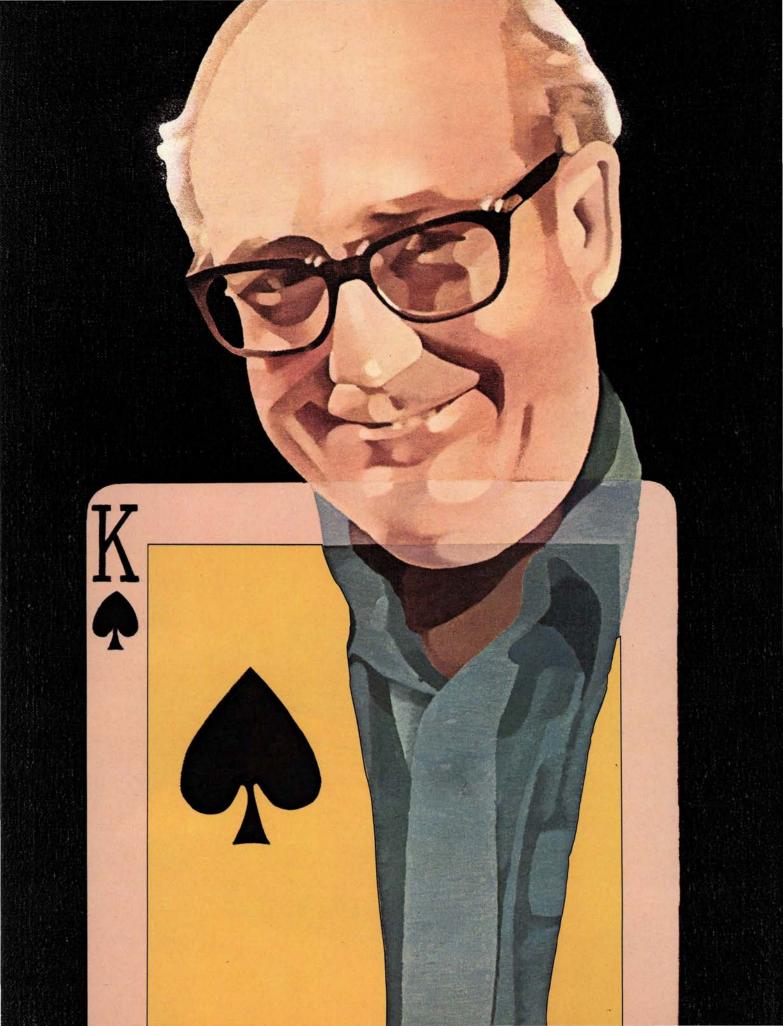
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a postcard to: HUSTLER Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$25.00. Sorry, no returns.



other!"







# Ilustration by Steve Karchin

## DOYLE BRUNSON WORLD'S GREATEST POKER PLAYER

A few years ago, Doyle Brunson accompanied his friend, Jack Binion, to the East Coast to collect some money from a millionaire who'd lost heavily at the Binion family's Las Vegas casino, The Horseshoe. They met the man on the golf course. "How'd you like to play some golf?" the guy

asked.

"How much?" said Brunson, who'd been known to wager on such esoterica as how distant a mountain was from where he stood.

The two men agreed to play for \$7500 for the first nine holes, \$7500 for the second nine—and an additional \$15,000 to the winner of the full 18-hole course. For the next two weeks, they shot golf every day, raising the stakes after each round. Finally they had \$180,000 riding on one hole. The millionaire shot. Brunson shot. The millionaire won.

"What else do you play?" Brunson asked. For several days, Brunson and the millionaire went at each other in pool, dice, gin rummy and basketball. Mostly they played even, leaving Brunson in the hole. Then the millionaire asked Brunson if he played poker.

Doyle Brunson grinned inwardly. "Sure," he said. "I'm a professional."

"What kind of poker do you play?"
"Hold-'em."

"Well, I play seven-card stud. Want to play?"

"Yeah," Brunson agreed.

The millionaire got out a Monopoly set. Using the play money, he counted out \$180,000 for each of them. Then the two men sat down to play. The millionaire was good. Brunson was relentless. At daylight, the millionaire owed him \$20,000. "Ah, balls," the loser said and then tossed in his cards.

It was about then that Jack Binion began to think that Doyle Brunson might be the best poker player he'd ever seen, maybe the best in the world. This year, Brunson proved he is just that—the best.

#### PROFILE by Jay Levin

Dovle Brunson won the World Series of Poker at the Horseshoe Casino last May. In doing so, he outwaited, outmaneuvered, outthought and outbluffed 21 of the nation's supremo poker players in a three-day pressure match, the likes of which has never been captured on film-not even in The Cincinnati Kid or California Split. The victory left Brunson \$220,000 richer. It also capped his reputation as the toughest mother at the tables to come out of the Texas poker-breeding grounds in recent vears-and in Texas, poker is very nearly an industry. Hockey players develop in cold climes. Poker players flourish in places where the cash flows freely.

Whatever image you have of a great poker player, Brunson probably doesn't fit it. He stands six-foot-three and weighs 295 pounds, with too much of the bulk in the spare tire around his waist. His clothes look as if they came off a Woolworth's rack. Among the top gamblers, he is the only one who wears an unsculpted, functional watch you wouldn't look at except for the time. Brunson is 42, but with his balding head and eveglasses looks older. He is married, has three kids and lives in a big house in Vegas that he purchased with his poker winnings. Except for his boyish love for betting on just about anything, he is as solid, stable and mature as a wise, old, small-town mayor. And as massively decent. On the surface, Brunson resembles the romantic myth of a hotshot poker player about as much as your mother does.

Big-money poker isn't won by flash but by what happens between the ears. And like Minnesota Fats in the movie, *The Hustler*, Brunson invariably seems to be the calmest and most attentive presence in the room: cool, watchful, alert. If you were putting your money on a pool player, it wouldn't be on Paul Newman—no matter how they ended the film. If you wanted to back any single player at a poker game, you'd be lucky to get a piece of Doyle Brunson.

In high-stakes poker, knowing the percentage moves is no more significant than knowing them in baseball. What really matters is insight into character, guts, shrewdness and the self-control to throw in a good hand when you suspect you're beaten. Having these qualities is Brunson's edge.

In his 20 years on the poker circuit, Brunson estimates that he has met 25,000 people. Most of us get acquainted with no more than 1000. So many contacts on such a gut level—most across a card table, with emotions bared—would make anyone sensitive to nuances of behavior and attitude. Poker players don't win by spotting telltale twitches; they win by understanding people.

In a game, Brunson may be more sensitive to those nuances than all the other players. "It's just a feeling, a sixth sense about what a man's getting ready to do—no matter what cards he happens to catch," Brunson explains. "You're just watching everybody. You're watching, well, this guy is getting ready to be a liberal. Or this guy is getting ready to try to be top man. Or this guy just lost a pot and he's mad; he's liable to put his money in. Just a combination of things like that."

As for guts—the players call it "heart"—it comes in a variety of forms. One is the balls to draw a conclusion and back it, even to the last chip. "Doyle's so good," said Pug Pearson, another gambler, "because he'll make up his mind and then push that

push those chips down." Another form of heart is the courage to bluff. Brunson estimates he does so 50 percent of the time. Still another form is putting on pressure—and being able to withstand it yourself.

A few years ago, Brunson met a Texan known among the poker fraternity as "Iron Man" for his strong golf game. Iron Man challenged Brunson to a match. Although he was a considerably weaker player, Brunson agreed, provided Iron Man bet all his available cash—about \$4000—on the first nine. Under that pressure, Iron Man lost. "Doyle's as good a clutch player as there is," Binion said.

And as for being able to throw in a great hand, Brunson once held aces full in a game with the second-largest pot of his career—\$150,000—in front of him. Both his

wide, Straus carried a nail plucked from a lion he shot in Mozambique. "Better a day as a lion than 100 years as a lamb," the legend in the mounting read. For most of his life, Straus had been something of a lion himself. He made a point of rebelling against the police, the IRS, the FBI, all forms of conformity and the insidious notion that money should ever be saved. Almost all Straus's poker winnings went immediately into ridiculous sports bets. "A total degenerate," Brunson lovingly called him.

Jack Straus stories abound. Once, when he was in the hole to a bookie, Straus arranged for the man to meet him in a restaurant for the payment. As Straus approached carrying a paper bag, an unmarked car screeched up and two men who looked like government agents boundrecent years his poker had slipped as Slim pounded the celebrity beat as a lecturer, promoter and talk-show guest. For the tournament, Slim wore yellow, red and green cowboy suits, with boots to match. A crowd favorite, he was the fastest man with the lip and a quip on either side of the Pecos. "I'm playing so cautious I could be dead," he muttered in the early stages of the game. "Too cautious," was Brunson's pregame judgment.

Then there was Crandall Addington. Like

Then there was Crandall Addington, Like Straus, he was a Texas rebel in the finest sense. But where Straus was impulsive and disorganized. Addington was a marvel of money management. Addington had won his fortune-some oil wells-at the card table a few years earlier and had then been shrewd enough to make the loser his partner to handle day-to-day management. Like a handsome riverboat gambler, Addington favored white suits and a Panama hat. The gold jewelry he wore-including a different watch every day-was so masculinely sculpted it wouldn't have been razzed at a beer brawl. Brunson rated him as very tough, with a weakness for overplaying mediocre hands.

Another player was John Moss, the '69, '70, '71 and '74 winner. At one time, Moss had been regarded as the premium player of all—"the best I ever saw," Brunson said. But that had been several years earlier. At 68, Moss had slowed down. A soft-spoken, sleepy-looking, generous man, Moss was independently wealthy, though he worked as the manager of the cardroom at The Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas. He was always a threat. "If I can survive the first day, I'll win it." Moss said.

There was also Brian "Sailor" Roberts, an ex-navy man who won \$210,000 in '75's tournament—his finest hour. Forty-seven years old, pudgy, pleasant and nondescript, Sailor nevertheless was big with women. He was one of the best-liked players and was Brunson's closest friend. When he concentrated, Sailor was a ferocious player. His weakness was that too often he concentrated on women.

W. C. (Pug) Pearson was a 47-year-old ex-navy frogman with a flattened nose. A native of Tennessee, Pearson won the tournament in '73. Pearson talked a lot when he was winning—"OK, baby, deal those cards"—and he became withdrawn when he was losing. He kept eight large cigars jammed in his shirt pocket and one in his mouth at all times. A bulky man, aggressive and too erratic—although not unlovable—he stood up a lot when he played, primed and ready for any side wager. Pearson was always dreaming up bets. After the tournament, he nearly lost a



The Big Game: Brunson (upper left, clockwise), Roberts, Alto, Hufnagle, dealer, Addington.

opponents raised. Brunson thought about the betting pattern of the two men, then shelved the hand. When the cards were turned, one opponent held four deuces, the other four fours.

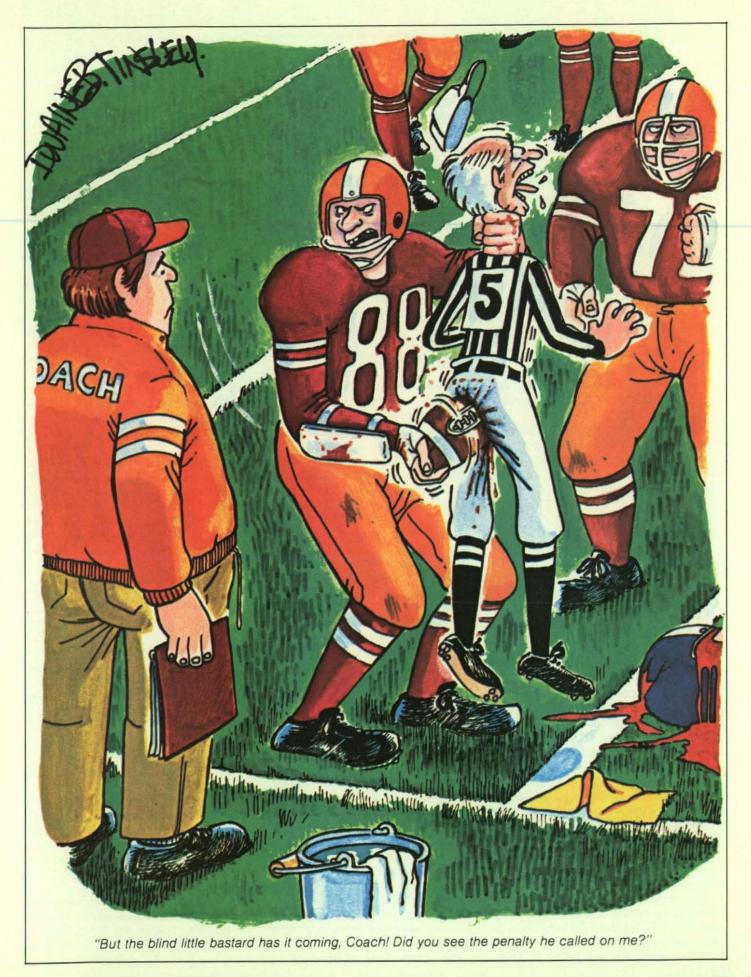
In varying degrees, the players Brunson went up against in the world series possessed these same qualities. As a group, they stood out as broadminded, tolerant and adventurous fellows—good guys, superior to most you meet. Going into the tournament, a number of them looked like heavy contenders to take it all.

Among them was Jack (Treetop) Straus of Houston, who at 45 was the wildest character of them all. Although he looked like a diligent scholar, complete with beard and sunken eyes, Straus was the most aggressive player of the group. Tall and

ed out. They handcuffed Straus and threw him and the paper bag in the car. The panicked bookie fled. Months later, when Straus had the money, he paid off his debt. He didn't bother to tell the bookie that he had rented the unmarked car, or that his abductors had been two of his friends.

"He's too aggressive," was Brunson's assessment of Straus's weakness going into the world series.

Another player was A. A. Preston, Jr., famous as Amarillo Slim. A pure showman, Slim had put the tournament on the map—and in the media—by winning four years earlier. The media loved him because he was a smart talker, full of outlandish stories like the one about the time he beat Evel Knievel in a golf wager by playing with sledgehammers instead of clubs. But in



400-yard dash for \$500 to Brunson's sixyear-old son. But his favorite was trying to goad pro golfers into playing him for high stakes with their own money. Brunson thought Pug's weakness was a strain of recklessness, particularly if the game was long and slow.

Also, there was Jessie Alto, a 48-year-old automobile dealer from Houston. Alto was born in Mexico of Lebanese parents, raised in Israel, emigrated to Brooklyn, and then went on to Texas. He'd seen a lot of the world and played a lot of poker along the way. His chief strengths were experience, intelligence and stamina. He was also skilled in ribbing Pug. His weakness, to Brunson's mind, was a tendency to be too hot-headed.

Of these seven, five picked Brunson to win the '76 championship. And Brunson's judgment proved correct about everyone but Alto.

Oddly, Brunson had not won before. Accustomed to wide-open, no-limit poker, Doyle had been somewhat slow adjusting to the peculiarities of the championship game.

That game had debuted at Binion's Horseshoe club in 1969. Binion imported the concept from a Reno club that had inexplicably dropped it. "I used to ask who's best and everybody'd say, 'Me. And here's who's second,'" Binion said. "So I was happy to get the tournament." Binion revamped the rules and, under the sponsorship of The Horseshoe—a club with an impressive reputation as a sporting man's house—he was able to attract the men generally acknowledged to be the finest poker players in the country. Each year the field grew.

Under Binion, the world series is actually five separate matches—an ace to five low ball game, a deuce to seven low ball game (won in '76 by Brunson, who got 50 percent of a \$90,000 pot) and three hold-'em games: one for amateurs, one preliminary that costs only \$1000 to play in—and the last to be played, the \$10,000 hold-'em.

Under the rules, each of the 22 players who entered the contest put up \$10,000. No further purchases of chips were permitted. When a player's stake was gone, he was out. There was no betting limit, except how many chips a player had. The last man left in the game won all the money.

Hold-'em is a simple, brutal Texas game. Each player is dealt two cards face down, and bets are made. The players get no other cards. Instead, three cards—called the flop—are then dealt face up. These apply universally to each hand. After further betting, another card is flopped. More bets. Finally a fifth card is dealt face up, or

Brunson won the 1976 World Series of Poker, outplaying 21 of the nation's supremo poker players. The victory left him \$220,000 richer.

flopped. The final bets are made. The player whose two hole cards make the best hand when matched against the cards on board is the winner.

Because the players can only hide two cards, there is a premium on the ability to bluff and to lure opponents into betting on weak hands. Far more than stud, hold-'em tests the mind and the "heart" of the contestants. As Brunson put it: "Once a year you sit down with your best friends—and fight for your life."

On a Friday night, Brunson sat down with 21 members of the poker fraternity at one of three green felt tables in the Horseshoe card room. The TV cameras clicked on, and a technician attached microphones under the shirts of Brunson and the seven other men at his table, to record the opening minutes of the championship. "I don't want to win an Oscar, I want to win some money," Brunson quipped. And the game was on.

Doyle Brunson grew up in Longworth, Texas, a town of less than 100 people, in a house that lacked indoor plumbing. His father, John, the son of a German immigrant, was manager of the local cotton gin. Years later, Doyle learned that his dad had been a pretty fair poker player. It wasn't the only characteristic the two men shared. "My dad was the most even-tempered person I ever knew," Brunson recalls. "He was very good at judging people, except when someone needed a loan."

Like his father, Brunson is so eventempered he could give lessons to judges, and his bank account attests to his ability to judge people. Also, he has been known to loan money. Once, he got taken in a big oil deal. Another time, Jack Straus and Sailor Roberts borrowed \$20,000 from good ol' Doyle for an absolutely 100-percent, surefire, can't-fail business venture. When the loan came due, Brunson was out with his family, cruising the Western plains in his camper bus. He telephoned Straus. "Doyle," Straus stalled, "you gotta go up and see Oregon, It's magnificent."

Undeceived, Brunson went anyway. A few weeks later, he called Roberts. "Doyle," urged Sailor, "I hear Alaska's nice this time of year." Brunson sighed and went up to

Canada. Much later, he finally got his money.

At nearby Sweetwater High, Brunson was the school basketball star, a 185-pound allstate forward. He also ran a 4:37 mile. More than 100 colleges offered him basketball scholarships. Brunson chose Hardin-Simmons in Abilene, a good Baptist school that's noted for turning out ministers and coaches. The school was in the Border Conference and played a tough schedule against such big-time academies as Texas Tech and Arizona State. In his junior year, 1953. Brunson led the team to a championship and was named the most valuable player in the conference. The Minnesota Lakers scouted Brunson and wanted him to join the team after graduation. Brunson would have joined had a wall not fallen on him.

During a summer job at a gypsum plant, Brunson was helping load a one-ton stack of Sheetrock on a boxcar when the pile started to slip. Brunson stepped in front of the pile, trying to stop it. The Sheetrock nearly smothered him, knocking him unconscious and snapping his leg as if it were a match. That ended Brunson's basketball career.

For two years, while the shattered leg mended and was rebroken and set again in a cast, Brunson hit the books. At the same time, he worked on his poker education in the dorms. For this he was dragged before the school's disciplinary committee five times, making him MVP in this category as well. But his grades improved, and he graduated with a masters degree in education administration. In Texas, that meant he was trained to be a coach.

"The best job offer I had [as a coach at a high school in the Texas panhandle] was for \$4800 a year," Doyle recalled. "I just thought there had to be something better than that."

Doyle was thinking \$10,000 a year. Suckered by an ad, Brunson took a job selling business machines in Fort Worth. On his first day, with a catalog of adding machines and the like under his arm, he walked into a bank and introduced himself. The manager stared at him—and pointed at the door. Brunson went home for the rest of the day. The job never got much better. Whatever his later skills at bluffing, Brunson was incapable of conning anyone.

On the other hand, there was poker. One day, a friend brought shy, easygoing Doyle and his even temper to a pool hall on Exchange Street in Fort Worth that boasted a regular game in the back room. "If there's a tougher street in the world," Brunson says, "I don't know where it'd be. These

(continued on page 95)



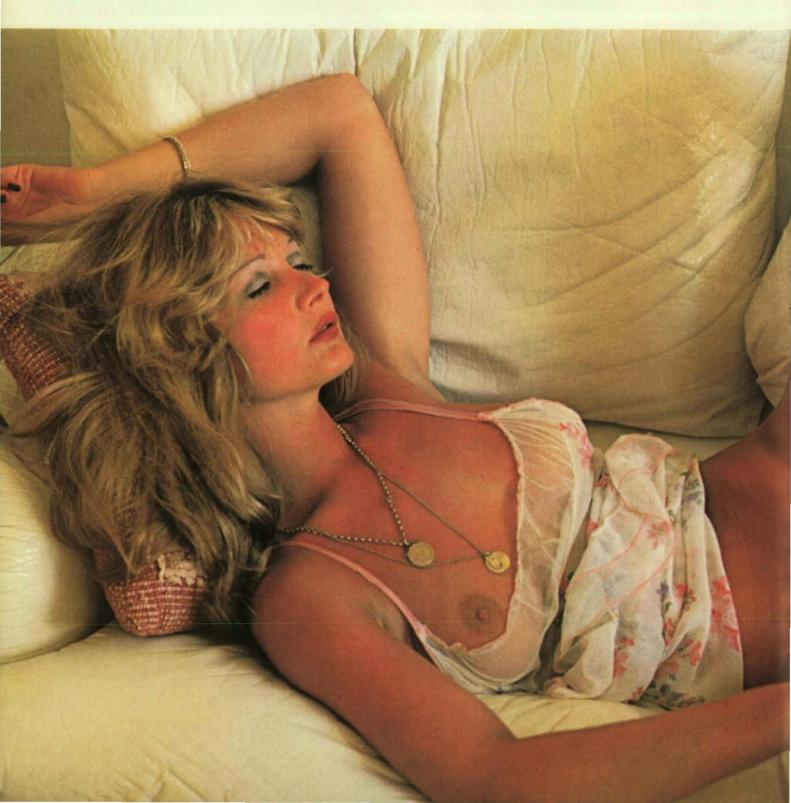
clingy fashions. "It feels like a sheer, smooth nightwear that smooth, second skin and can be turns men on, Hilary says she just as revealing. And it adds the has noticed men seem to enjoy right touch for tantalizing men." her nighties most when they've However, Hilary's tease isn't a taken them off her well-tanned

massaged with the soft her constant urge to get laid.

silk of nightgowns will un- Although she's hard-pressed derstand why Hilary is into these to explain just what it is about

myone who has ever been game but a come on to satisfy body. "Once they get the straps past my boobs, the nightie slides down my hips and legs and settles on the floor without any help at all. By that time, a man has forgotten all about the gown, and if he's good with his mouth, so have I."

Sometimes, Hilary likes to



show men why she appreciates the feel of a slinky gown. "Tenjoy taking it in my hands and running it all over his body." That should make him want to slip into something comfortable.

With or without lingerie, Hilary can be a tactile delight worth getting your hands on.







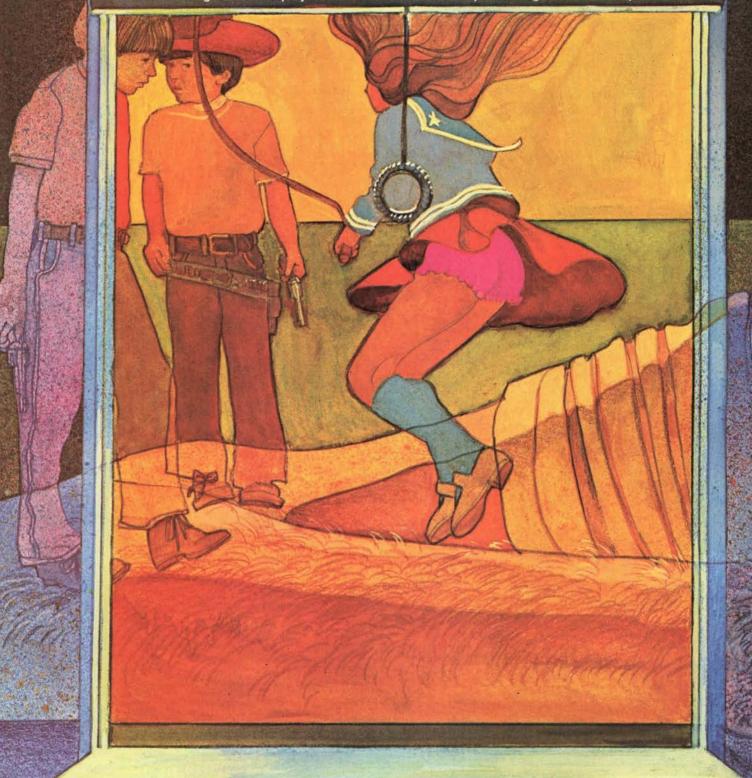


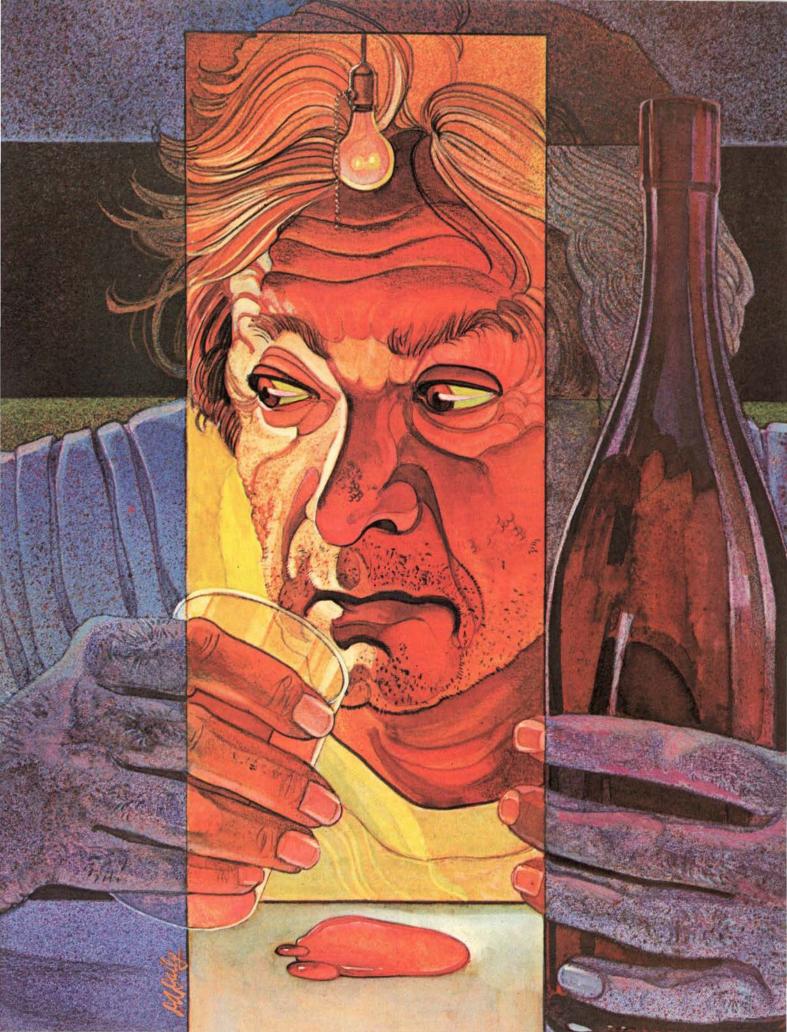
## THE FIEND

### — by Charles Bukowski

Martin Blanchard had married twice, divorced twice, shacked up many times. Now he was 45, lived alone on the fourth floor of an apartment house and had just lost his 27th job because of absenteeism and disinterest. He was living on his unemployment checks. His

desires were simple: He liked to get drunk as much as possible, alone, and he liked to sleep long hours and stay in his apartment, alone. Another odd thing about Martin Blanchard was that he was never lonely. The longer that he could remain separated from the human race, the better he felt. The marriages, the shack jobs, the one-night stands had made him feel that the sex act was not worth what the female demanded in return. Now he lived without the female and masturbated frequently. His education ended in the first year of high school, and yet when he





listened to his radio—his closest contact with the world—he listened to the symphony only, Mahler preferred.

One morning he awakened rather early for him—about 10:30 A.M.—after a night of heavy drinking. He had slept in his undershirt, shorts, socks; he got out of a rather dirty bed, walked into the kitchen and looked into the refrigerator. He was in luck. There were two bottles of port wine there, and it was not cheap wine.

Martin went to the bathroom, shit, pissed, then walked back to the kitchen and opened the first bottle of port, poured a good fat glassful. Then he sat at the kitchen table, which gave him a good view of the street, looking north. It was summertime, hot and lazy. Down below, there was a small house in which two old people lived. They were on vacation. Though the house was small, it was preceded by this very long and large green lawn, well kept, all that green. It gave Martin Blanchard this strange feeling of peace.

Since it was summertime the children were not in school, and as Martin looked down at the long green lawn while drinking the good chilled port, he noticed this little girl and two boys playing some type of game. They seemed to be shooting at each other. Pow! Pow! Martin recognized the little girl. She lived in the court across the way with her mother and older sister. The male of the family had either left or died. The little girl, Martin had noted, was a very saucy type-always sticking her tongue out at people and saying nasty things. He had no idea what her age was. Somewhere between six and nine. Vaguely, he had been watching her throughout the early summer. When Martin passed her on the sidewalk now and then, she always seemed frightened of him. He could never understand this.

As he watched, he noticed that she was dressed in a kind of sailor's jacket, white, and over the jacket, hung on straps, was this very *short* red skirt. As she crawled along the grass, it pulled back what there was of the very short red skirt, and she had on the most interesting *panties*—red, a bit paler than the skirt. And the panties had this little series of red ruffles.

Martin stood up and had a drink, kept staring at those little panties as the girl crawled along. His cock got hard very fast. He didn't know what to do. He circled out of the kitchen, back into the front room, then found himself in the kitchen again, looking. Those panties. Those ruffles.

Jesus Christ under the naked sun, he couldn't stand it!

Martin poured another full glass of wine, drank it down at once, then looked again.

#### Martin heard the voices of her playmates saying, "Look! He's got that big thing and he's trying to stick it in her slit!"

Those panties showed more than ever! Jesus!

He took his cock out of his shorts, spit into the palm of his right hand and began rubbing his cock. God, it was beautiful! No grown woman had ever heightened him like that! His cock was harder than it had ever been, purple and ugly. Martin felt as if he were inside the very secret of life. He leaned against the screen, beating and moaning, looking down at that little ruffled ass.

Then he came.

All over the kitchen floor.

Martin walked to the bathroom, got some toilet paper, cleaned up the floor, got the wad of greasy stuff and flushed the cum away. Then he sat down. Poured another wine.

Thank God, he thought, that's over. It's out of my mind. I'm free again.

Still looking north, he could see the Griffith Park Observatory up there in the blue-purple Hollywood Hills. It was nice. He lived in a nice place. Nobody ever came to his door. His first wife had said he was simply neurotic but not insane. Well, to hell with his first wife. With all wives. Now he paid the rent and people left him alone. He sipped gently at the wine.

He watched as the little girl and the two boys kept playing their game. He rolled a cigarette. Then he thought, well, I should at least eat a couple of boiled eggs. But he wasn't interested in food. Seldom was.

Martin Blanchard watched out the window. They were still at it. The little girl crawled along the ground. Pow! Pow!

What a dull game.

Then his cock began to get hard again.

Martin noticed that he had drunk one complete bottle of wine and had begun on another. The cock curved up like something beyond him.

Little saucy. Her tongue out. Little saucy, crawling on the grass.

Martin was always worried when he got down to one bottle of wine. And he needed cigars. He liked to roll his cigarettes. But there was nothing like a good cigar. A good 2-for-27-cents cigar.

He began to dress. Looked at his face in the mirror—four-day beard. It didn't matter. The only time he shaved was when he went down to get his unemployment check. So he put on some dirty clothing, opened the door and went down the elevator. Once on the sidewalk, he began to walk toward the liquor store. As he did, he noticed that the children had gotten the garage doors open and were inside, her and the two boys: Pow!

Martin found himself walking down the driveway toward the garage. They were in there. He walked into the garage and swung the doors shut.

It was dark in there. He was in there with them. The little girl screamed.

Martin said, "Now shut up and nobody will get hurt! You make any noise and you'll get hurt, I promise you!"

"Whatcha gonna do, mister?" Martin heard a boy's voice.

"Shut up! Goddamn it, I told you to shut up!"

He lit a match. There it was—a single electric light bulb with a long string attached. Martin pulled the string. Just enough light. And, like in a dream, there was this small hook inside the garage doors. He hooked the doors shut.

He looked around.

"All right! You boys go stand over in the corner and you won't get hurt! Now go on! Hurry up!"

Martin Blanchard pointed to the corner.
The boys went over there.

"Whatcha gonna do, mister?"

"I told you to shut up!"

Little saucy with her sailor's blouse and her short red skirt and ruffled panties was in another corner.

Martin moved toward her. She ran left, then right. Each time he moved toward her, he got her farther into the corner.

"Lemme alone! You lemme alone! You ugly old fart-thing, you lemme alone!"

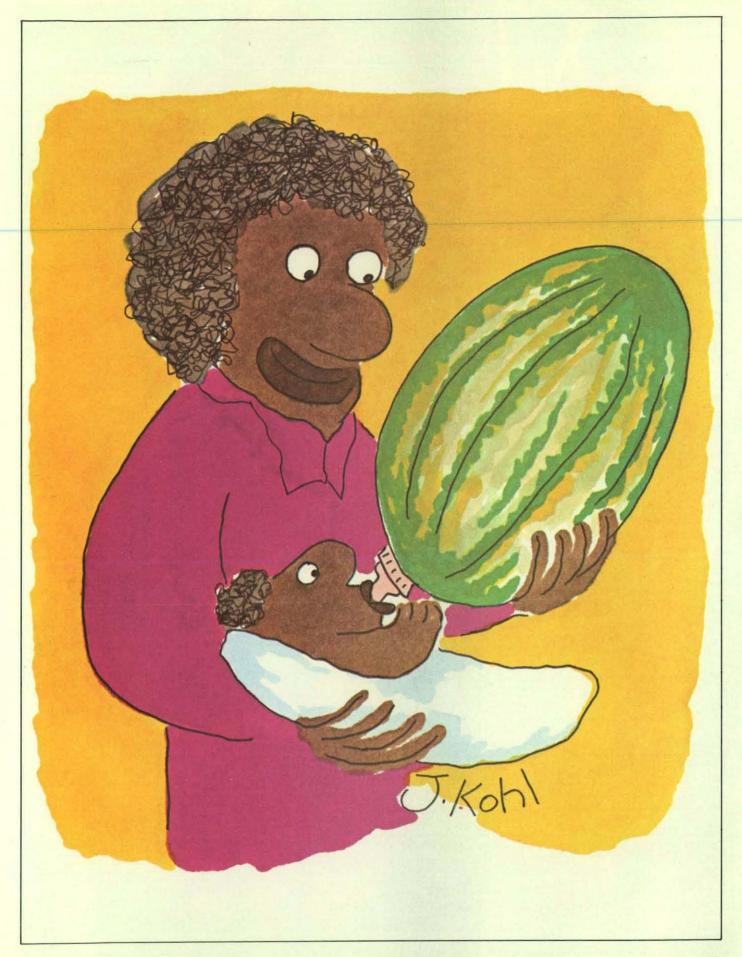
"Shut up! If you scream, I'll kill you!"
"Lemme alone! Lemme alone! Lemme
alone!"

Martin finally caught the girl. She had straight, ugly, uncombed hair and an almost vicious face for a little girl. He held her legs between his, like a vise, then leaned down and put his big face against her small one, kissing and sucking at her mouth again and again as her fists beat against his face. His cock felt as large as his body. He kept kissing, kissing, seeing her skirt fall away, seeing those ruffled panties.

"He's kissing her! Look, he's kissing her!"
Martin heard one of the boys in the corner
say.

"Yeah," said the other one.

Martin's eyes looked into her eyes, and it was a communication between two hells—one her's, the other his. He kissed, wildly out of mind, a hunger beyond the seas, a spider





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kissing the fly. With his hands he began to feel those ruffled panties.

Ah, Jesus, save me, he thought, nothing so beautiful, that red-pink, and more than that—the *ugliness*—a rosebud held tight against his total rot. He couldn't stop himself.

Martin Blanchard got her panties off, but at the same time he couldn't seem to stop kissing that small mouth, and she was in a faint, had stopped hitting his face, but the different lengths of their bodies made it difficult, awkward, very, and being in passion, he couldn't think. But his cock was out—large, purple, ugly, like some stinking insanity run away with itself, and no place to go.

And all the time—under this small light bulb—Martin heard the boys' voices saying, "Look! Look! He's got that big thing, and he's trying to stick that big thing into her slit!"

"I hear that's how people have babies."
"Are they going to have a baby right

"Are they going to have a baby righ here?"

"I guess so."

The boys moved in close, watching them. Martin kept kissing that face while trying to get the head of it in. It just didn't work. He couldn't think. He was just hot, hot, hot. Then he saw an old straight-backed chair, one rung missing in the back. He carried her over to the chair, still kissing, kissing, thinking all the time of the ugly strands of her hair, that mouth up against his.

This was it.

Martin got to the chair, sat down, still kissing that small mouth and small head again and again, and then he worked her legs apart. How old was she? Would it work?

The boys were very close now, watching. "He's got the front part in."

"Yeah. Look. Are they gonna have a baby?"

"I dunno."

"Now look! He's got it almost halfway in!"

"A snake!"

"Yeah! A snake!"

"Look! Look! He's moving it back and forth!"

"Yeah. It's going deeper in!"

"It's all the way in!"

It's in her body now, Martin thought. Jesus, my cock must be half the length of her body!

Bent over her in the chair, at the same time kissing and ripping, he didn't care, he would have just as soon ripped her head off.

Then he came.

They hung together on that chair under the electric light bulb. They hung.

Then Martin placed her body upon that garage floor. Unhooked the doors. Walked out. Went back to his place. Pushed the

#### The cop straightened Martin up, clubbed him across the face, the mouth, knocked out most of his front teeth.

elevator button. Got off at his floor, got to the refrigerator, got a bottle, poured a glass of port, sat down and waited, watched.

Soon there were people everywhere. Twenty, 25, 30 people. Outside the garage. Inside the garage.

Then an ambulance ran up the driveway.

Martin watched as they carried her out on
a stretcher. Then the ambulance was gone.

Just more people. More people. He drank
the wine, poured another.

Maybe they don't know who I am, he thought. I seldom leave this place.

It wasn't somehow so. He hadn't locked the door. Two cops came in. Big boys, rather handsome. He almost liked them.

"OK, shit!"

One of them ripped him a good one across the face. As Martin stood up to hold his hands out for the handcuffs, the other

one took his billyclub and ripped him full in the belly. Martin fell to the floor. He couldn't breathe or move. They got him up. The other one hit him in the face again.

There were people everywhere. They didn't take him down the elevator, they walked, pushed him down the steps.

Faces, faces, faces, out of doors, faces on the street.

In the squad car, it was very strange. There were two cops up front and two cops in the back seat with him. Martin was being given special treatment.

"I could kill a son of a bitch like you," one of the cops in the rear said to him. "I could kill a son of a bitch like you without even trying..."

Martin began to cry without sound, the ticks of tears running down like wild things.

"I've got a five-year-old daughter," said one of the cops in back. "I could kill you without even thinking about it!"

"I couldn't help it," said Martin, "I tell you, so help me Christ, I couldn't help—"

The cop started beating Martin across the head with his club. Nobody stopped him. Martin fell forward, vomited wine and blood, the cop straightened him up, clubbed him across the face, the mouth, knocked out most of Martin's front teeth.

Then they left him alone for a while, driving toward the station.



#### THE GOLF GROUPIES

(continued from page 44)

themselves like most football jocks. You wouldn't believe how jealous, like jealous old women, football players are, always badmouthing the other guys. Golfers compete more with themselves."

Thus, the golf pro is a solid, upright citizen who plays it straight and matches the golfie's low-key sophistication and style.

For the golfie and her pro this low-key approach sparks a free-and-easy fuck scene.

"It's almost as easy to find sex on tour as on a bookshelf, if you want it," says veteran tour swinger Sanders, who made his reputation by swinging as much off the course as on. "I once jokingly suggested that women spectators be handled as follows: Put the married women on the right side, the unmarried on the left and the ones who don't care in the fairway. What I was suggesting is that a touring pro can get himself into a lot of trouble if he accepts every mating call coming at him. If he is married, then the trouble comes in the form of silent treatment from pious colleagues. If she is married, the trouble comes from a

jealous husband. A fellow pro once got a note from someone in the gallery threatening his life if he kept playing the tournament. The pro was sure it was from the husband of a woman who had been chasing him around all week, and he wasn't going to take any chances; he hit his next tee shot out of bounds and withdrew."

Golf course gossip has it that Arnold Palmer had an interesting way of picking up women on the course. There he'd be, lining up a four-inch putt—a four-inch putt!—but that's what he'd do, squatting down behind the ball and looking directly across the green at the gallery. Palmer would raise his eyes from the ball and take a shot at any good-looking woman who smiled back at him. If she parted her legs, which was normally the case, it was a signal that she would meet him later. The old nonverbal approach—strong and silent—works for the big hitters.

Not all the pros get their action on the green, though. It's rumored that Super Mex Lee Trevino, for one, doesn't like waiting to pick up women at his tournaments. He sends ahead for them, and when he pulls up to the motel and checks into the room there they are—one, two, three—however many he wants. (If, as they say, Trevino can talk the rattle off a snake, why does he have

room service bring him his ass?)

Some pros go to golfies for other reasons. In 1974, Tom Weiskopf, to help alleviate the painful loss of his father, took two young things into his suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Graphite shaft manufacturer Bob Velie was there. "There they were, the two girls, stark naked, sitting like bookends in huge wicker chairs. Tom dearly loved his father, and if I were in his situation, that sure as hell would be one way I'd relieve that misery."

Gary Player was most appreciative of golfie sex one day when he was fixed up at the Doral in Miami. When he left her room in the morning, he was heard to say: "The best, no doubt of it! Not only did she clean my entire body with her tongue, at the end she even got my toenails."

Another golfie story comes from Doug Sanders, who tells about the time actor Forrest Tucker had a "gimme" putt of under two feet that his playing partners wouldn't give him. Make it, they demanded.

Tucker bet that he could make the putt with "The Chief." His partners pulled out their cash and the bets were made. With the money on the green, Tucker dropped down, unzipped his pants and pulled out "The Chief," which had a bigger head on it than his putter anyway. He brought his dick quickly to life, stroked the ball into the cup, and left his amazed companions on the green as he strolled off to meet his exuberant golfie—his hard-on still clearly visible in his trousers.

But the golfies don't have it all wrapped up on the pro golf tour; they get a lot of competition from local hookers, who offer "scotch dates" at \$50 for a half hour and "champagne dates" at \$100 an hour.

As one Texas pro put it: "I go to a hooker 'cause it's fast and it's quick and I get my rocks off; here's your bread, good night. It'll cost you 50 bucks for a chick who knows what she's doing and will do most anything you want her to do. No hassles.

"I'll tell you something else; there's hardly a way for you to get caught. I'm married. I got my own honey to go home to, who raises my kids and keeps outta my way. You think I want to lose all that by going after stray stuff? No way.

"Hookers are a habit, are something special. I get off on handing a chick a \$50 bill. I get off on handing it to her beforehand, expecting to get treated real good."

And it's not surprising some pros go the hooker route. With a prostitute, there is no risk of emotional involvement, no threat to family and home—not so with the golfie who travels the circuit. She is a constant presence, a constant temptation. And yet the golfie, too, can be caught up in a heavy





emotional involvement as easily as the man she pursues.

"Linda" spent four years as an American Airlines stew until she met and hooked up with a tour rookie we'll call Billy. He dropped from the tour in 1973. Linda staved.

"The main reason I became a stew," she says, "was to travel. I met fascinating people, dated fabulous men—and some not so fabulous—but after a while I realized that all I was was a quick stopover for most of them.

"From the beginning, I met more golfers than other sports figures, mainly because golfers play all year and go from one major city to the next. I was based in New Orleans, where they play the Open, and I had kept running into Billy, who I dated on and off. I got tired of seeing a lot of men, and when Billy asked me to be with him, I said sure. I expected to marry him; he said we could get married as soon as he started making good money. Well, that didn't work out.

"I could tell he would never make it on the tour when all of a sudden his backers weren't coming up with more money—I couldn't blame them. Billy made exactly three cuts in the first six months, and instead of taking planes he got a car, and we spent our lives driving from one site to the next. And then, later, we had this little The greatest offthe-course competition comes from airline stewardesses. The pros' wives offer the golfies the least resistance.

trailer with an icebox and stayed in cheap motels, and, God, it was all downhill. I thought it was my fault that he wasn't doing well, and I'm sure it was, partially, but it was really that he couldn't handle the pressure out there. We started fighting; it was just horrible. We left each other—a mutual thing—at the Jacksonville Open. He went back to Oklahoma, and I didn't know what to do, so I stayed on the tour.

"One of the married pros—he's in the top ten—pays my way and stuff. However, he's married, and I think I'll be doing something else pretty soon because it's just like being a stew all over again."

Linda's experience as a golfie is not quite a success story. The pro golf circuit has its bogey-men, its breakdowns. But she was (and is) attached to her champion and not playing the field as most golfies do.

A golfie competes not only with hookers (and sometimes her own emotions as does Linda) but also with the volunteers, a group of dedicated workers that devotes all its time and energy to making the champions feel at home. The volunteers drive courtesy cars, pass out brochures, give directions, smile a lot. Many of them are young and wholesome, daughters and wives of the club members, or women from nearby towns, and they prepare for weeks before the tournament begins. Their function is to serve, which they do for free and with a willingness that rivals charity workers anywhere. They wear short-skirted uniforms and name tags and hold their champions in awe

Regular golfie "Ellen" and I sat discussing the volunteers in the clubhouse at Riviera, the site of the 1976 L. A. Open. Ellen is petite, with short, sandy brown hair and a startling deep-brown tan that shows off the whitest set of teeth I'd ever seen. She wears green to match her eyes and speaks in a throaty smoker's voice. Her ex-husband works for the Wilson Sporting Goods Company.

"I go to every Western tournament, every year, and some major ones in the East—the PGA and the Open, and always the Westchester, a short drive from Manhattan.



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At every one of them, speaking of volunteer mothers in particular, the women literally climb over one another to reach the pros. Some of them carry phony messages so they'll be allowed to get to the pros to give them sheets of notepaper with a motel room number and a time to meet them there.

"I remember one funny incident, at Greensboro I think, where the volunteer must not have been doing that well and handed out a half dozen or so of these notes. There she was, waiting in the room, when the pro showed up.

"Ten minutes later, another pro came to the door, and ten minutes after that, a third. Each time, she had to get dressed and go to the door and explain to the others that she was awfully busy at the moment."

"Finally, when a fourth golfer appeared, the first one suggested a three-way, to which the volunteer and number four acceded. As they got caught up in the tallying of various birdies and putts, yet another knock sounded at the door. The volunteer disengaged, answered the door and greeted number five, a rather conservative type, who, on getting a peek at the round of golf being played in room 22 of Sunny Isle Motel, fled in alarm! The volunteer and her two pros resumed their fuck—much to the satisfaction of all. And the volunteer, just a little bit worse for wear,

sat out the last day of the tournament."

Compared to the volunteers and hookers, the pros' wives offer golfies the least competition. The wives who have been around for a while sit by the clubhouse in small groups, some with children, some with a drink in their hands. They wait for their warriors to come up the 18th, out of battle. They have watched the leader board that stands up there like an economic tote sheet, large as life in front of them, and they will act according to their old man's score. Pamper him if he's out of it, snuggle if he's got a shot.

They're the pros' nighttime caddies. They carry their linen, they carry their children, they follow around after them, all over hell, a lot of them in rundown cars with coolers in the back seat so they won't have to spend money on the road. The big hitters like Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus leave their wives at home and fuck it.

And yet having a wife is pretty damn important for the golfers. Statistics prove it—the top 30 winners last year were all married. Masters champion Ray Floyd, a swinger from way back, got married last summer, and his game picked up, along with the size of his purses. "She made all the difference in the world," Floyd says. "She steadied me out, gave me a grip. I was drinking too much, running around with a

thousand women, and my game went to hell. No more. I still drink, but I'm staying home a lot more."

This is pro Frank Beard speaking: "I don't know the precise number of bachelors playing the tour, but I'll bet anything that the percentage of bachelors among golfers who miss the cut each week is a helluva lot higher than the percentage of bachelors among the golfers who finish in the top ten of each tournament."

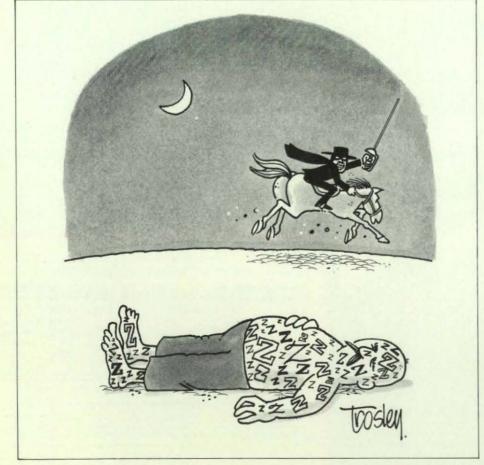
Nobody can think of a golfer whose game went to hell after he got married, but there are those whose games came together as a result of it. Jerry Heard and the late "Champagne" Tony Lema were playing rotten golf until they got married. Heard says he felt a lot of pressure having to feed another mouth, but he says it helped, gave him more responsibility.

And, as in other walks of life, a golfer's marital or extramarital woes can damage his game. For example, Bruce Crampton, In 1973, Crampton picked up back-to-back wins at Phoenix and Tucson, hauling in \$60,000. He must have used all of his concentration because during the tournaments he and his wife Joan were really on the rocks. Pressure mounted, and three weeks later, at the Andy Williams in San Diego, Crampton led the field on the final day. On the 15th hole, he collapsed and fell down on the fairway. The gallery was stunned. He managed to pull himself from the ground and bogied 15, 16 and 17 and missed a short putt on 18. He finished third.

Jim Kelly, a broadcaster with NBC's "Monitor" and Crampton's close friend, was there. "The fans were completely aghast at the total collapse of this man who had won two tournaments. They couldn't understand it, but, of course, they didn't know his personal problems.

"It's important to realize that these fellas, even though they're independent businessmen, are human beings just like everybody else. They have upset stomachs just like we do, they get hung over just like we do, and they have problems with their wives and girlfriends."

And yet for the golfies, the game goes on. They wing out of town on those DC-7s to the next tour stop, where they will again meet their champions, fighting off the volunteers, the hookers and wives, competing for their favors, living and dying with putts on the final holes. They watch their champions, who live and die with the same putts, with cool, determined eyes. And later, in semisafe, clandestine motel rooms, their heroes will celebrate their victory or bemoan their defeat with the Ladies of Golf—who are always there.



## KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

#### DOGGONE GOOD

by Sara T.

I read with interest the letter in Feedback (May 1976) from the woman who had such a bad experience when she let her German Pointer dog fuck her. What happened to her was bad, but I had quite a different experience. So that your readers don't get just one viewpoint, I will relate my experience.

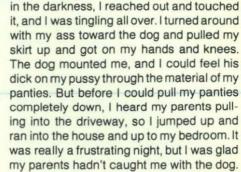
Let me go back about 11 years when I was just 17 years old and living with my parents. One night when they had gone to a party, the boy next door came over after it got dark and tried to put the make on me. We were on a little patio with hedges growing around it, in back of the house, so I knew that no one could see us back there.

I had made out with boys before and had even gone all the way with some of them, but this boy was really getting me hot. He started feeling my breasts, and I resisted only a little bit because I was feeling in the mood. Pretty soon, he had my blouse undone and my young tits in his hands and was kissing them.

When he put his hands between my legs, I kept my legs together, but I didn't resist him. He had his finger inside the hem of my panties, and I was ready to let him take my panties off when his parents suddenly called for him to come home.

After he left, I was sitting there, thoroughly frustrated and trying to get myself back together, when I noticed that the boy's dog was still on the patio. I was patting the dog and scratching him in an absentminded way while I was trying to cool off, and all of a sudden the dog started humping my leg. I had heard of dogs doing this, but I had never seen it happen. I was starting to get hot again, so I pulled the dog off my leg and got down and looked at his cock. I had seen a few boys' cocks before, but the dog's dick was completely different. It was pink and sticking out of the bag of skin that I had always thought was the pecker on a dog.

Since I knew no neighbors could see me



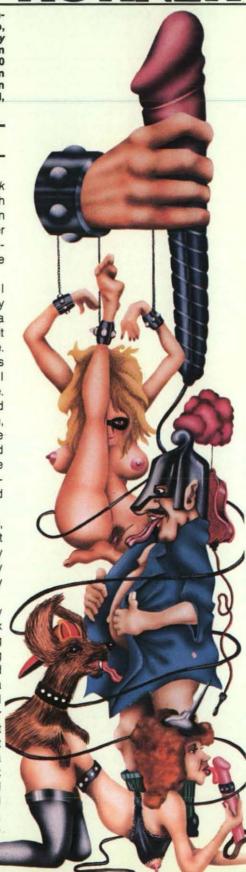
I never got another chance to try any sex with that boy's dog, and when I was 19 years old, I got married and moved to another area. Over the years, I thought about that night and wondered what it would have been like to let that dog fuck me.

My husband and I have been married for about nine years now, and we have a wonderful sex life. However, we have been unable to have any children. That was the main reason that my husband (I'll call him Jim) bought me a pure-bred Rottweiler dog last year. Rottweiler is a breed of large German dogs. I have grown to love this dog. We call him Hans.

At any rate, when I read HUSTLER's story "Animal Sex Lovers" (February 1976) about being fucked by dogs, I decided it was time to answer some of the questions I've had in my mind about being fucked by a dog. So after Jim left for work one morning, I decided to see what size dick Hans had. I really had no intention of letting him fuck me because I still had second thoughts about the whole thing.

I had tried to find out more about it. I bought a magazine at a sex shop downtown because I saw a picture of a woman with a dog on the cover. When I got home, I quickly turned through the magazine to find the story. I was disappointed that the pictures didn't show anything in detail, and there was no story that told me how to screw with a dog. I was still interested, and the pictures had actually turned me on, but I was still afraid to try.

I called Hans to me and squatted down beside him. I started playing with Hans until his big red dick came out of its sheath. It was long and pointed, and I thought of the first time I had seen a dog's cock. I put some hand cream on my hands and took hold of his cock. It felt good in my hands, and I tingled all over as I touched him, and I enjoyed squeezing his hot prick as I jacked



## Eventually his cock started to knot up, and he stopped humping as he came.

him off. As soon as I had started pumping him, Hans started humping back and forth, and his dick started to expand and get even longer.

Finally I had to put both hands on it in order to rub it. I ran my hands along its length, and I knew I was breathing heavy and my cunt was getting wet. Eventually his cock started to knot up, and he stopped humping as he came. As he got his rocks, I tried to catch some of it in my hand and smeared it back over his cock as I continued to rub him. His knot was enormous—probably five inches in diameter. I was hot as hell for the rest of the day, but I was afraid to try to let Hans fuck me because of the size of that knot.

After a while, I went into the bedroom and rubbed my clit as I thought about the size of the knot in Hans's cock—and about jacking him off. I also thought back to my encounter with the neighbor boy's dog. I was having fewer second thoughts about letting Hans do it to me, but I forgot about the whole thing for the time being.

About a week later, my husband was feeling horny before he left for work. Before he got out of bed, he had been feeling me and rubbing against me, and even though I was still sleepy, he was starting to turn me on. But he got up and said he didn't really have time and that he'd just have to hold it until after work.

Then, after he had showered and had come back into the bedroom to get dressed, he reached over and started to fondle me. He kept heating me up and then letting me cool down, so I asked him to either stop or make love to me. He said he didn't think he could wait until after work, so he climbed into bed and fucked me, but he said it would have to be a quickie because he would be late for work.

We fucked, but there wasn't enough time for me to get off, and this left me feeling horny. I went back to sleep, and when I got up later, I was still feeling horny. I just had to do something about it, and I decided that rather than masturbating, I would try Hans.

I got completely nude, and then I played with Hans's cock until he started humping. In the state I was in, just playing with his cock was turning me on. When he was really humping in my hand, I lay back on the coffee table, and with very little coaxing I got Hans to mount me.

When Hans finally got his dick into my

pussy, he raised up high on his hind legs and held me very tight against him with his front legs. His cock felt enormous, and I was moaning right away. Then he started with a very rapid movement in and out of my pussy with his dick. After only a very few strokes, I started having an orgasm.

Hans kept up his rapid movement, and before long I came a second time. Then, just as I was about to come for a third time. he started to swell and knot up in me as he came. This was hurting me pretty badly, but at the same time, I was having the wildest orgasm of my life. It was so intense that I almost fainted. Fortunately I had my legs wrapped tightly around his hind legs, and I was pulling him against me with my legs so that he couldn't pull out and dismount like dogs do when they breed a bitch. I had seen enough dogs breed to know that his pulling out would not only hurt me but would also probably tear my pussy when he pulled his knot out.

Hans seemed a little bit upset that I wouldn't let him dismount, but I kept petting and stroking him until he calmed down. He even put his head on my chest between my breasts, and his tongue hanging out and brushing against my tit as he panted was exciting me. The feel of his cum in my pussy and his size and rigidity were all it took to make me hot again.

I found that, with slow movement of myhips, his dick movement inside me felt thrilling, and his dick's big knot didn't hurt anymore. I spread my legs as far as I could, with the heels of my feet still pressed against Hans's rear end. I started moving my hips up and down slowly and in small movements. Then I began increasing the movements and started making them in circles. I could feel Hans's knot rubbing along the inside of my pussy. This also made it easy for me to rub my clit along the shaft of Hans's dick. I came three or four more times before his knot went down enough for me to let him get free.

When I finally released Hans and he pulled out of me, his cum started running out of me. I didn't know dogs had so much cum. It felt like a half pint or more running out of my slit. Hans then proceeded to lick himself—and me—clean. The stimulation

on my clit with his rough tongue was enough to set me off again, and my pussy just kept throbbing with heat and pain.

We fucked two more times that day because the first time had made me so hot. I enjoyed knowing that I could get off so many times. The third time, Hans's cock didn't go down again for a long time—we remained "hung up" like that for well over an hour. I was beginning to worry that Jim would come home from work before Hans's knot got small enough for me to get loose from him.

I had answered all my questions about being fucked by a dog, and I was really turned on by it, especially using his knot to get off time after time before he pulled out.

Sometimes when I was feeling horny, and there wasn't enough time to let Hans fuck me, I would take off my clothes and get him to eat my pussy. It would tickle at first when he was just rubbing his nose against me and sniffing at me. But then, when he started licking me with his wide tongue, those long strokes against my slit really felt great. I would lie back and hold my pussy lips apart with my hands, and then he would start licking very fast, and it wouldn't take long before I was coming.

Hans would want to mount me and stick his cock in me after licking my pussy, but I knew there wasn't time, so I would rub his cock until he knotted up and came.

At first, I had some problems training Hans to leave me alone at embarrassing moments. There were times when he would come up to me and start sniffing and licking at my pussy, even through my clothes. He did this especially when I was feeling horny because he could smell me and knew wha! I wanted. When people were around, would just push him away, and since this kind of behavior is common in dogs, we'd just laugh it off like you do when some silly, embarrassing thing happens.

Now I have Hans trained to leave me alone unless I am in the nude, and I am careful not to be naked around him when Jim is at home. Hans and I fuck one or two times a week now.

So that you don't get the wrong idea, Jim and I are still happily married, and we enjoy a wild and wonderful sex life. The only difference between me and thousands of other women is that, rather than masturbating when my husband is gone and I get horny, I have a good fuck with Hans.





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#### DOYLE BRUNSON

(continued from page 74)

were the roughest, toughest people you could find."

The drawing card for the game was a 40ish gangster named Tancy, whose rep was that he had killed four or five guys. Many of the other players were younger, around Brunson's age (then 21). Several carried guns. Within a few years, most of the players were dead from one form of mayhem or another, Tancy among them.

Shootings, fistfights and knifings were commonplace in the area, but never at the card table. There, everyone was a nice guy, and the jokes flowed like Texas oil. Solid, unpretentious Doyle fit right in. He quickly became friends with two players his own age, Dwayne Hamilton—"the most pleasant man I ever knew"—and David Burnham. Hamilton turned narcotics addict a few years later, got sent to Leavenworth on a counterfeit charge and was killed there by another inmate. Burnham choked to death on an overdose of pills.

From the beginning, Brunson was a winner at poker, showing early signs of the qualities—patience, aggressiveness, a shrewd sense of people and guts—that would later make him rich. After about a year of playing every night, Brunson did so well that Dwayne Hamilton suggested they move up to a bigger game downtown, one peopled by businessmen and professional gamblers. You needed only \$100 to play in the Exchange Street game. Downtown, the buy-in was \$300 to \$500, so the take could be bigger.

Against the classier downtown field, Brunson scored so well that he left his job. Soon he was thinking of himself as a pro. In 1959, after a year or so at the downtown game, he and Hamilton hit the road, making the rounds on the Texas poker circuit. Moving from town to town, the pair took on the locals wherever they could get a game. At the same time, they began meeting many other young poker pros.

Sailor Roberts was the first they met, then Amarillo Slim. Later there was Jack Straus, Bob Hooks (a Dallas gambler) and others. About then, Brunson also encountered the master, John Moss, then playing at his peak. Moss was astounding, unbeatable. But by playing cautiously against him, Brunson held his own—the only one who did.

Following the games, the eager young gamblers crisscrossed each other's paths as they pursued the bucks. "Wherever we went, South, East, West Texas, there were

always a few of the same guys," Brunson says. "And then there'd be the local people. We'd win the money and move on. The local people lost the money. I guess we were a detriment to them."

After a while, Hamilton drifted back to Fort Worth, Dovle, Sailor and Amarillo became partners, agreeing to share in each other's wins and losses. The partnership-a loose one-lasted for six or seven years. At first, the trio "made enough to get by on," which is Texan for winning enough cash to be big spenders. What they won, they blew by gambling on things other than poker. They pitched coins for \$500 a man; they bet on professional, college and high school sports; they played any comers in golf, tennis, basketball or pool; and among themselves they'd wager on whatever pleased their fancy, from staged insect races to physical feats of prowess. As young Texas bucks, they partied somewhat, too, with Sailor heavy into chasing women. Little money was saved, certainly none by Sailor. Doyle even took Sailor's dog when his partner couldn't pay up on a golfing bet.

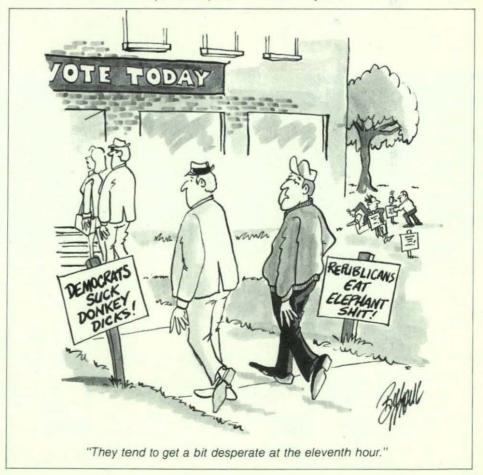
Every now and then the poker pros got busted. The cops would raid a game, and they'd be paddywagoned off to jail. After anteing up a gambling fine, they'd be released. It was considered part of the price they paid in order to play the game.

So were hijackings and rip-offs, which occurred routinely. One night in West Texas, two guys surprised Brunson and a friend as they came out of a club. One knocked the friend down and out, breaking his jaw. The other one tripped Doyle and when he fell, kicked him in the body and head.

Fighting more out of reflex than to save his money—and because he was pissed—Brunson struggled to his feet. The two men pounded him, tore his ear partially loose and knocked him down again. Brunson threw sand in their faces and bounded up. Again he was battered down, and a rib was smashed. He fought to his feet once more and finally floored one of the men. At that, the pair split.

As their reputations grew, the three men were invited to join higher-stake games. The richer games, held in the homes and private clubs of the wealthy, were safer from both hijackers and the cops. Poker then became almost a way of life. Everything else was secondary. With their skill and money on the line every night, and the whole thing a big adventure, it was easy to become oblivious to the rest of the world. Brunson turned around, and it was ten years later.

"What do you think of Vietnam?" Brun-



"What's that?" the guy replied.

Only two major events intervened in that ten years. Doyle got married, and he got cancer.

The marriage took place in 1961. In 1962, with his wife, Louise, three months' pregnant, Brunson woke up one morning with a knot in his neck. A year earlier, his brother, Lloyd, an air force major 14 years his senior. had found a similar lump in his neck. Two weeks later, Lloyd was dead from cancer.

Brunson took penicillin shots and antibiotics, but the lump remained. Exploratory surgery was performed. The doctors found cancer, visible to the naked eye, all through Doyle's stomach, chest and head. They stopped looking when they reached the brain and sewed him back up. Brunson, who was then 28, was given six to eight weeks to live.

For the next month, Doyle, in a weakened condition, languished in his bed at home. Gamblers from all over the state trooped to his house in Fort Worth, more than 200 in all. Doyle hadn't been told he was going to die, but the gallows humor of his friends helped him figure it out. And one older man broke down and cried. "Well, that'd wake a dead man up," Brunson said.

At the end of the month, a determined Mrs. Brunson had Doyle flown to the M. D.

son casually asked another pro one day. Anderson Hospital in Houston, a highly regarded cancer clinic. Because Brunson was broke at the time, his wife and Sailor took turns nursing him, monitoring the tubes that ran into his body. At Anderson, the doctors agreed to attempt radical surgery. Brunson drew up a list of pallbearers, and at 10:30 one morning he was rolled into the operating room. For the next eight hours, the surgeons peeled him open.

> They found no cancer; it had somehow disappeared. They never could explain it.

> A month later, Doyle was back hustling poker games all over the state with a gladto-be-alive ferocity. "I came out smoking. I tell you I won every bet I made." In fact, he won 54 straight times at the poker table over the next year. He was devastating, playing at an incredible new peak he couldn't comprehend. Brunson won so much money that year he's never been broke since. "I just enjoyed life a lot more that year. Every day I woke up the sky was bluer, the grass was greener."

Over the next several years, Brunson discovered Vegas. Back then, hold-'em wasn't a big Vegas game, so Brunson had to learn new moves for stud and low ball. He learned fast. Vegas drew players from all over the country, and the games were usually big ones. By the late '60s, Brunson was alternating a month in Las Vegas with a few weeks back in Fort Worth.

In 1970, Nixon did Las Vegas the unintentional favor of pushing through Congress one of several repressive crimecontrol bills. Among other things, the law made it a federal offense to run a largescale poker game from which five or more people derived an income. After that, Brunson shifted almost all his action to Vegas, where gambling is legal. Three years ago, he moved his family there. By that time, Texas was nearly burned out for him anyway. "You beat all those guys over and over and finally they say, 'No more!"

When the hold-'em tournament opened, the players were spread over three tables. At one, John Moss, playing too aggressively at a time when the cards were running against him, tapped out before the game was two hours' old. At another, Pug Pearson and Straus moved strongly against the weaker, less daring players, raising pots to force quick exits from the game. Twice, Straus put in all his chips, each time failing to draw a response. The third time he did this, he lost.

At the third table, normally adventurous Doyle Brunson was playing cautiously. Brunson had already decided not to repeat his mistake of previous years. Instead, he'd husband his resources in the early going. playing only strong hands against opponents he perceived as vulnerable. His strategy-a test of self-control-was to survive into the third day, when the ante would be much higher-and then open up.

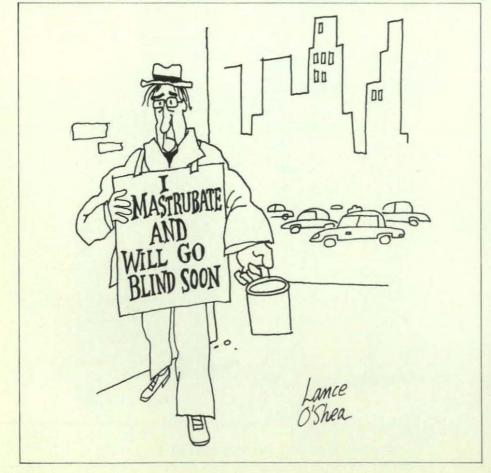
"This is hell for a real gambler." Addington griped after the first day.

On the second day, Slim was knocked out early after playing too cautiously, and a host of other good players followed. "It's still no game for a real gambler," Addington arumbled.

On the third day, with only seven players in the game, Addington began gamblingbeautifully. Vigorously, he began moving in whenever he sensed hesitation in a player, setting a pattern. Who could tell when he was bluffing? Finally, when he had strong hole cards, Addington lured Pug Pearson and another Texan, Bert Rice, into a big pot. Both men went down at the same time. Coolly, Brunson watched the play.

A few hands later, Addington caught Sailor Roberts with a weak hand. Exit Roberts. With more than \$80,000 stacked in front of Addington-the biggest stash-the four surviving players took a break.

When they returned, the game was suddenly transformed. Brunson deliberately moved in on Addington, challenging him directly. Brunson had calculated that after his sudden surge, Addington might get





cautious—especially since he'd had a chance to think about the game during the break. "I knew how badly he wanted to win," Brunson said. "He and I both. We had talked about it. I knew I couldn't play cautious any more because I had the least chips. So I tried to get him involved in a pot and make a very big bet, hoping he wouldn't have a thing."

After a few skirmishes, Brunson drew Addington into a sizable pot, then raised with all his remaining chips. His jeweled hands folded calmly in front of him, Addington studied Brunson. Like a ferocious bear, Brunson stared unflinchingly ahead, his chin resting on the back of his hands.

"You haven't got anything," Addington declared.

Brunson didn't move. For long minutes, Addington mulled over his decision, his face a mask. Finally, in disgust, he threw in his hand.

"What did you have?" Addington asked. Ignoring the question, Brunson slid his cards face down to the dealer. (Later, he admitted he had a winning hand, aces full.)

A few hands later, Brunson and Addington again went up against each other. This time, Addington matched Brunson's bet with all his chips—and lost.

Three players now remained: Brunson,

Alto and young Tommy Hufnagle of Pennsylvania, a good player but a surprise holdout. Hufnagle had hung in by betting when he had good hands. He'd caught enough of them to survive.

Brunson now closed on Hufnagle, challenging him with raises. Using the weight of his much larger stack, Brunson tried to force Hufnagle into throwing in good hands or risking his dwindling chips on mediocre ones. Within a half hour, Hufnagle was out of the game. That left Brunson and Alto.

For a while, the lead seesawed back and forth between the two men. Then just before 4 A.M., Brunson, after three raises on one hand, put in all his chips—a \$75,000 raise. Brunson folded his hands over his cards and resumed his Sphinx-like pose.

Alto almost glared at him. At the moment, he was holding two nines. Two aces showed on the table. Alto looked up at Amarillo Slim. "What should I do?" he said. Slim just grinned. Alto turned back to Brunson. "I think it's a bluff, a flat bluff," he snapped. The crowd around the table pressed closer, waiting for the kill.

Brunson was inscrutable. Alto moved around in his chair, not taking his eyes off Doyle's face. Then for several minutes Alto stared unhappily into space. His eyes flashed back to Brunson. He tried to read

Brunson's face. No message there.

"All right," Alto finally said and threw in his cards. Brunson flipped his own cards in face down—a winning hand, if he'd had to show it—and raked in the pot.

"I had a hell of a hand, I'll tell you that," Alto said. He seemed irritated.

"You must have had," Brunson said, after a while.

Ten minutes later, it was over. Alto made an opening bet and Brunson raised. Alto came back with another \$15,000. At that, Brunson concluded that Alto, still steaming from the last big hand, was trying to steal the pot. It was Alto's weakness, he thought, to be a "steamer" after a loss. Brunson raised him right back.

For a brief moment, Alto considered the situation, fingering his chips, then he neatly began sliding his stacks into the pot. All of them. The raise was for \$80,000. It made Brunson decide that Alto probably wasn't bluffing after all.

"At that moment," Alto said later, "I knew I had him."

Brunson was holding a ten and a deuce. The flop showed an ace, jack, ten and deuce, giving Brunson two pair. An \$80,000 raise suggested that Alto either held three of a kind or aces up. What to do? Brunson decided that occasionally a poker player has to gamble.

"I thought, well, we played so long and so hard and now I'd put in \$25,000 already to catch a card and I caught almost a perfect card (his deuce, giving him two pair). And so I thought, well, if he's got it beat, he's got it beat." Carefully, Brunson pushed his own chips into the pot, calling the bet. He still had \$44,000 to play with if he lost the hand. The pot was for \$176,000.

Alto turned over his cards. Aces and jacks. With one card to go, Brunson was beaten. Brunson flipped over his cards. Both men stood to watch as the last card was flopped.

The dealer turned the card and put it on the table. It was a ten. Alto shook his head in disbelief. In a one in twenty shot, Brunson had filled his full house. The tournament was over.

"I'm just glad poker isn't this hard all the time," Brunson said.

Two days later, Brunson was back on his regular schedule—betting on sports during the day, playing golf with his poker buddies and hitting the poker tables at night. When someone quipped that President Ford should have called to congratulate him, if only to woo the 36 million poker players who vote, Brunson was as unpretentious as ever.

"I'd rather meet John Havlicek," he said softly.



# BEAVER HUNT

HUSTLER's editors have been registering their votes for Best of Breed in our Beaver Hunt amateur erotic photo contest ever since the erection election premiered in July. The readers have also been snapping away on their box cameras, as this latest collection of contest entries shows. We think you'll find them to be just the ticket.

If you want to nominate your favorite personal model

for a future HUSTLER photo spread, just send a sharply focused color photograph—no black and white photos, please—of your prospective Honey in the nude to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd also like a short personality profile of your candidate. Coax her to be as candid as possible. We must have a signed copy of the model's release on page 109.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a \$50 contributor's fee. A Beaver Hunter license will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter the contest. Your Honey has the chance to win an appearance in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread as a paid (\$750-\$1500) professional model. Get her picture in to HUSTLER so that we can get out the vote. She just might be the people's choice.



Appropriately enough, Randy Lynne, 28, comes from Loveland, Ohio. She writes that her idea of the good life is: "Hard cocks, sweet pussies and a no-holdsbarred sex orgy."



Kathryn Shields, 25, is a Detroit-based secretary who likes the idea of teaming up with a girlfriend to drive some lucky male out of his mind with lust.

Photo by Charles Wright

Casey S. is an 18-yearold microphotography technician living in Indianapolis. Casey earns high marks for creativity: She hopes to make love in a Venetian gondola one day.

Twenty-one-year-old Suzanne Abrams resides in Medford, New York, and works as a topless dancer. As you can see, she gets off on uniforms as well as oral sex "with frozen ice cream pops." Now you know why they call them Good Humor men.



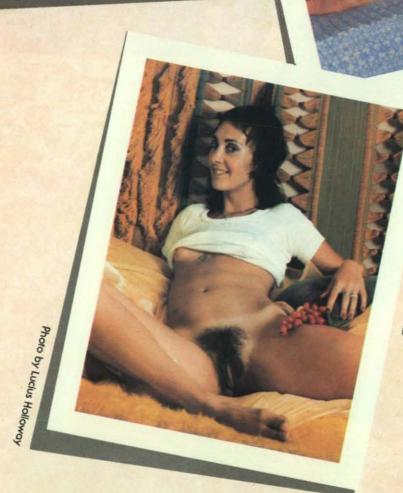


Donna Layzell. 25. is a secretary who she has a thing for guys in tight jeans. Roma!

"Move over, Kathy Keeton!" says Rose MacGillivray, a 53-year-old who describes herself as a legal "sexretary." Rose, who comes from Seattle, Washington, exuberantly tells us: "Sex is as good as ever!"

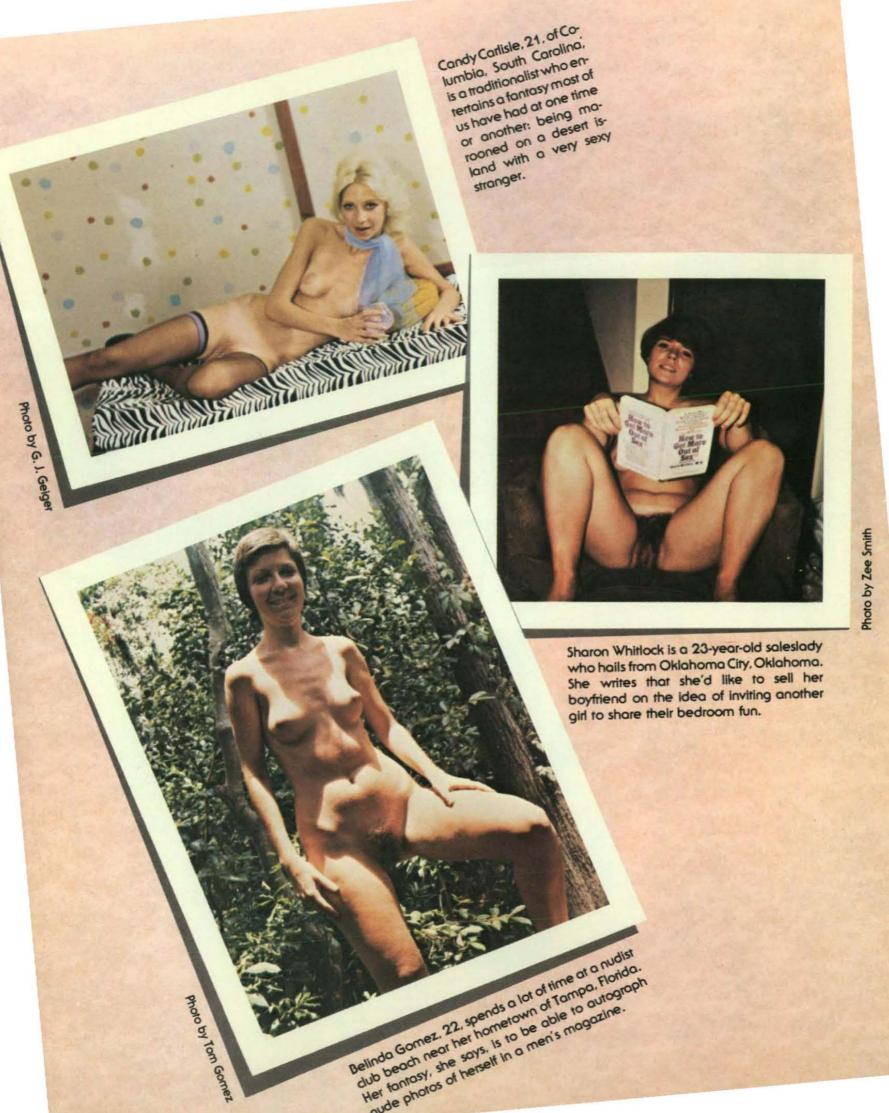


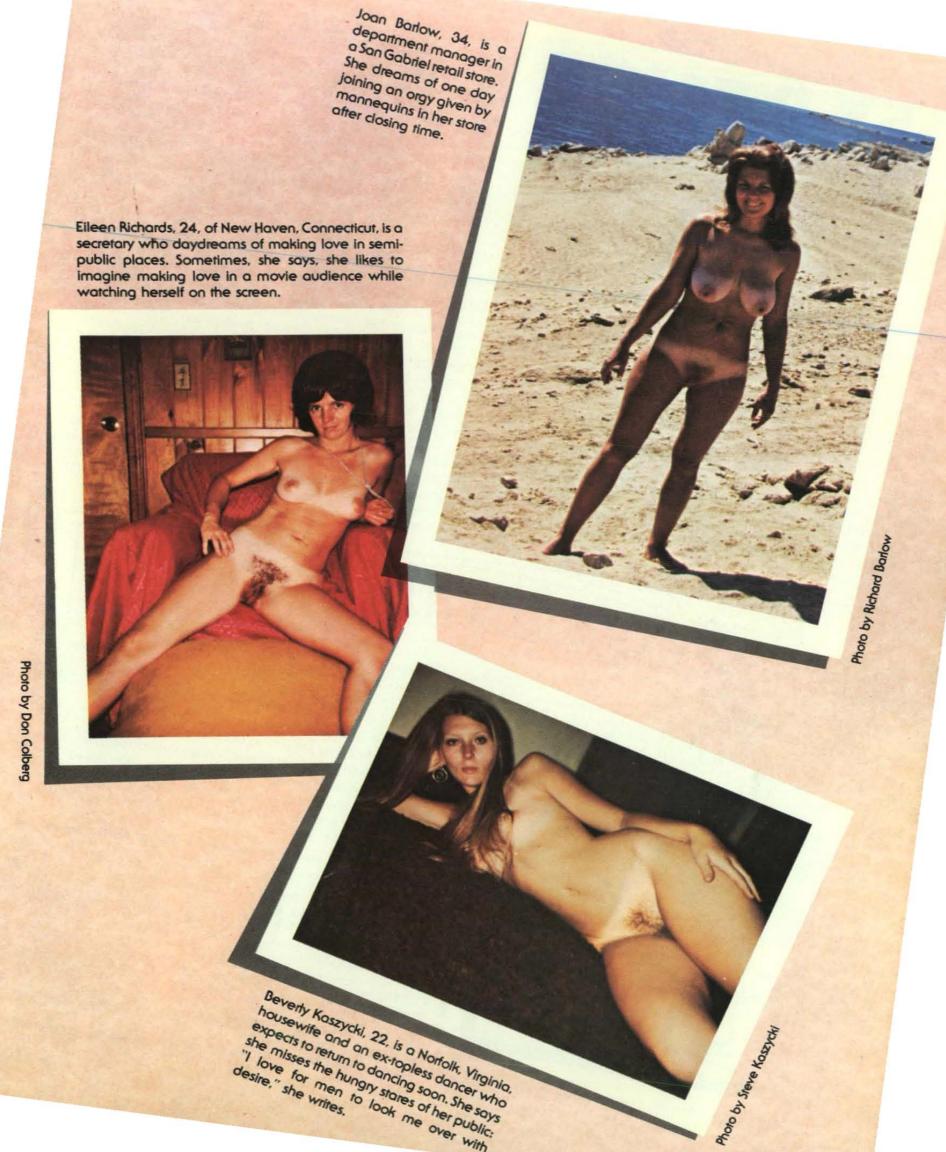
Twenty-three-year-old Bambi H. comes from Raritan, New Jersey. A nurse, she from Raritan, New Jersey. A nurse, she writes that she often imagines giving a very writes that she often imagines giving a very writes that she often imagines giving a very special kind of sponge bath—one in which special kind of sponge bath—one in which special kind of sponge for the sponge and she uses marshmallows for the sponge her tongue for last-minute touch-ups.



Although Kathy Bower is from HUSTLER's back-yard, right here in Columbus, she's something of a mystery lady. So be it. We may not know much about her, but we know what we

Photo by Hal Chandler





## **SEX BITS**

(continued from page 19) availability, individual identity and maternal attraction by smell, Russell theorized that human beings could do the same.

To test his theory that the nose knows more about sex than it is generally given credit for, Russell recruited 16 males and 13 females and asked them not to wash, use deodorant or wear perfume for 24 hours.

The volunteers were given clean T-shirts to wear during the 24-hour ban on personal hygiene. The T-shirts were then collected and placed under wax-coated cardboard ice buckets in which small holes had been cut.

The men and women were then asked to stick their noses into the holes in the boxes and sniff to see if they could identify the sex of the person who had worn the shirt and to see if they could recognize the smell of their own shirt.

Eighty-one percent of the men were able to distinguish between shirts worn by males and females and to also identify their own shirts. Sixty-nine percent of the women succeeded in doing the same.

**SRI LANKA (HNS)**—Happiness is many things to many people. To some it's a state of mind, but to the people of this teeming Southeast Asian country, "Happiness" is a rubber.

Preethi, which means "happiness" in Sinhalese, is the name of a rubber condom that the Sri Lankans are buying and using by the millions.

Sri Lanka, formerly Ceyon, is a tiny island whose population of 12 million is growing at the alarming rate of 2.2 percent a year. If that birthrate continues, the island is in danger of being smothered under human flesh.

Until the advent of *Preethi*, all efforts by medical and health authorities to persuade the sexually robust Sri Lankans to use a contraception method failed. Part of the problem stemmed from an old Eastern belief that a woman's lubricating fluids are absorbed by the man through his penis in the same way male sperm and fluid flow into the woman. It's a traditional belief that this exchange of sexual fluid rejuvenates the man.

However, the Planned Parenthood organization decided to attack the problem and came up with the suggestion of using American advertising and merchandising techniques to sell the Sri Lankans on bringing "Happiness" into their lives.

Through the use of many techniques pioneered by Coca-Cola, "Happiness" is now a household word in Sri Lanka. The condoms are available in every village of the country, and the Sri Lankans feel they may soon have their excess sexual fertility under control.

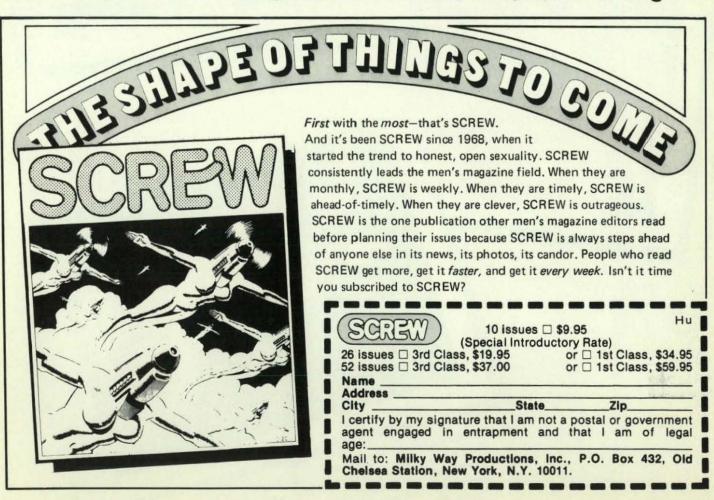
**WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)**—More and more sex and family authorities are beginning to recommend that "trial marriages" be socially and legally recognized.

Cohabitation without benefit of an official contract is now widespread in the U.S., with some couples living together as a prelude to marriage and others preferring unsanctioned cohabitation to marriage.

The same authorities who propose recognition of trial marriages also recommend personal trial-marriage contracts.

These contracts, they say, should not require sexual exclusivity but should prohibit conception.

Advocates claim that, by sanctioning trial marriages and making use of unrecorded personal contracts outside the legal framework, practically all of the complications and costly aspects of regular marriages would be eliminated.



### TRUCKIN'

(continued from page 34)

the ground, they sense themselves lordly creatures not bound by ordinary rules. They work and sleep and eat when they want. "Ever miss it?" I asked a white-haired guy who's now too old to truck and who handles the cash register at a big stop. "Not much," he said, "just every day when the old lady starts getting on my nerves, and I wish it was time to pull out!" Pulling out is that magic instant when you're alone and on your own with a full load of fuel in the tank and a destination a thousand miles down the road.

The men (and few women) who drive cross-country have been able to carve out for themselves a little chunk of romance in a computerized, programmed, sanitized culture where genuine adventure keeps getting harder to find. Most truckers dread the thought of leading landlocked lives of deadening regularity. They delight in the unpredictability of their job and rarely going the same place twice. In their fantasies, they're modern-day gypsies with a high-paying load of perishable produce waiting at the next stop—and a willing woman waiting just around the next bend.

The open road may certainly be a tonic for a lot of what ails a restless man, but it ain't all cream gravy and flaky biscuits out there. It takes a tough, feisty, determined person to keep on trucking. The faces of drivers sipping black coffee late at night in a truck stop are etched with deep lines. There's not a festive, party spirit to these places. Mostly it's tired men sitting alone silently, getting themselves ready to climb back into their cabs and keep pushing on. It can wear a man out: his ass welded long hours to the driver's seat, his knees stiffening up, his left leg cramped from too much double-clutching, his right arm sore from fighting with a stubborn stick shiftand no chance of resting because he's running behind schedule.

"There's a thousand hassles to trucking. Every time you turn around, someone is waiting to screw you." The Midnight Road Runner, who runs the state of Florida twice a day hauling citrus fruit, was looking at the pan-fried slab of beef sitting on his plate, wishing it were Texas steak. "First off you got the damn I.C.C. with all its regulations. Says a trucker can only drive a maximum of ten hours a day, six days a week. Hell, when I'm feeling right, I can drive twenty hours straight through. So you got to fake your log book or keep two log books or slip somebody a bribe. Then you got the damn chicken coops-the weigh stations. I'm almost always a ton over load, so I have to

stay away from the scales, which can mean driving bad road. Then you got your fuckin' Sunday drivers out there dreaming in the Monfort [passing] lane. Shit, after I've made fifteen shifts to get my rig up to sixty, I'd just as soon run some of them bastards over as slow down."

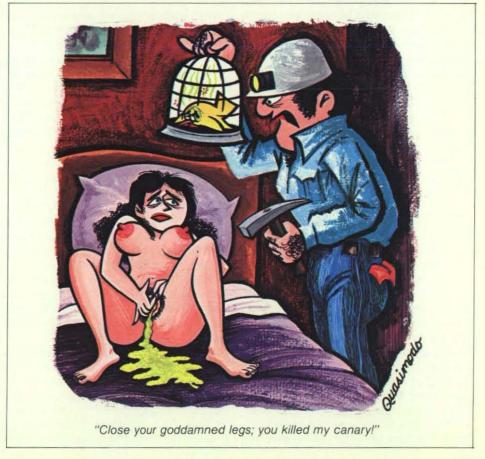
There's always the possibility that the brakes might fail. The notion that a big diesel can stop on a dime and have nine cents left over in change just isn't true. It can take a second just for the air brakes to start pumping in the back wheels, a second that can seem to stretch out f-o-r-e-v-er-while a driver's waiting for his tires to grab. Jackknifing the trailer is an occupational hazard a trucker lives with daily. Even the most experienced, cautious driver knows that a quick stop or a sharp curve on a slippery road can whip his rig around and bring disaster.

And then, of course, there are cops to make a trucker's life miserable. Nothing sends tremors through a convoy of trucks faster than a message on the CB that there's "a county mountie in a plain wrapper taking pictures ahead" (a trooper in an unmarked car with radar) or "an 18-wheeler on the side with a Smokey." The 55 mph speed limit on interstates is murder on a trucker expected to run 1500 miles in 36 hours. Using their CB, they ask for "Smokey Reports" from truckers coming the opposite way and try to set up groups that keep a rear

and forward lookout. Even with their ears on and a convoy in formation, a trucker can be had by a shrewd Smokey lying in wait. Speeding tickets hurt since they cost a trucker time, money, points against his license and, in some states, even impoundment of the rig for a day.

Economic hard times have been especially tough on the independent. With the recession, producers are sending out fewer loads, and there are a greater number of idle trucks competing for what work there is. A year ago, a trucker could get \$3200 for a produce load going from Southern California to Montreal. Now he's lucky if he can get \$2000. Meanwhile, the cost of fuel has kept climbing to well over 50 cents a gallon. Figuring that the average rig gets about six miles a gallon, a cross-country trip can run well over \$400 in fuel costs alone. Antifreeze at a truck stop can cost \$7.50 a gallon, tires as much as \$300. It makes more sense sometimes to deadhead home (drive back empty) than to scrounge around for a load that barely pays its way. "Buy yourself a truck these days," one independent said, "and what you're buying is a fulltime job that sure as hell ain't gonna make you rich."

A man has to be hard on himself to drive for a living. There's coffee to keep you going and "stay awake pills"—amphetamines known as L.A. Turnarounds—that can be found at most truck stops if you ask the right



person. Sooner or later, though, the fatigue will catch up with you, weighing down your eyelids until it becomes impossible to keep them open. Then you pull your rig over to the shoulder of the road, put on the flashers and-if you're too beat to crawl back into the sleeping compartment behind the seats-fold your arms over the steering wheel and crash right there. Few truckers use motels when they can sleep for free in their trucks and be ready to roll when they wake up. When you do wake up, your mouth sour as a sewer and your body needing a hot shower, it takes a few seconds to figure out where you are and to remember how you got there. By then you're off again.

The toughest thing about being on the road is the loneliness. Someway or other the load always gets dropped, even through the worst weather. And the Smokies may be an annoyance, but there's also the pleasure of outsmarting them in the ongoing catand-mouse game between trucker and trooper. Somehow the payments on the new rig get met every month. But the loneliness...that can get to hurting, and there's no real relief for it as long as you keep trucking.

"There's stretches when I've been on the road for several weeks in a row, and one night I'll start to feel all closed in. Then a country song from back home will be on the radio. Well... I been known to cry." Now in his mid-30s, the Ruptured Duck has seen three wives enter and leave his life. Married seven years to the last one, he had two sons by her. He didn't know that she was pregnant with a third child when he moved out. As a single man, the Duck is something of an exception among truckers. When he gets back to North Carolina after a week's run, he collects his pay, picks up the laundry he left to be done when he set out, and checks into the local Holiday Inn, where he spends two days watching television and drinking.

His last wife had bluntly told him that if he wanted to stay with her he had to give up trucking. Time can hang heavier on the wife of a trucker than the trucker himself since she doesn't share his satisfaction of seeing the road roll by. A trucker's wife has to learn to make do seeing her man a couple of days a week. A lot of women begin their marriage thinking they can live that way and find out afterward they can't. A stable social life is just about impossible—few evenings with friends at the bowling alley, backyard barbecues or parties. More than a few truckers' wives start drinking; some play around and even hang out at truck stops, looking inviting in tight sweaters and teased hair.

The Ruptured Duck thinks a lot about his boys and feels sorry for his ex-wife, who

Most truckers
avoid CB hookers:
"I just pull into a
big, safe truck
stop, and before
the night's out some
beaver will be
wanting to visit."

now wants him back. But he doesn't regret the decision he made. There was no real choice. Being on the road beat staying at home and doing factory work.

Jody had definitely got to him, though. He had been a single man now for about eight months, making love whenever he got the chance, but getting the chance less often than he liked. "I'm the kind of man," he says, "who would rather fuck than eat. I know it sounds conceited, but after I make love to a woman, she damn well knows she's been made love to."

Stories about women pass back and forth whenever truckers gather to kill time. The image of the "truckin' man" is that of a tattooed stud handling beavers with the same authority and control that he uses to handle an 80,000-pound rig. It's an image that many truckers, especially the younger ones with their hair slicked back, their hand-tooled cowboy boots richly polished, their brass belt buckles gleaming, clearly try to live up to.

Waitresses are the resident sex symbols on the road. Louanne waits on tables at a New Jersey truck stop just north of the Delaware Memorial Bridge. She's a pretty girl, dark-haired and slim, who leaves the top buttons of her blouse open while she works. "There's two things a trucker wants when he lays over," she says, "whiskey and women." While she doesn't mind smiling back at the men who flirt with her and call her "honey," she has to be careful not to let the game get out of hand. "The boss doesn't want this place to be thought of as a whorehouse." If the word gets around that a stop is a whore hangout, nobody comes in for food or fuel, just a cup of coffee and a quick trick. It's plain to Louanne what the truckers have on their minds, though. "I know what they're thinking," she says, and every so often, when somebody who has caught her fancy on a previous trip stays over for the night, she'll party-but never

Down at the Florida truck stop just off the interstate where Larry pumps fuel on the four-to-midnight shift, he's always being asked about the local action. "I'd say more's looking for speed than for women," he says, but he can direct those who want it to the bar down the street where "nigra

pimps and white 'hoors'" wait. A while ago, Angelo, a local drug dealer whose Family has lots of available girls, offered to set Larry up with a couple of women and an apartment near the stop. "It was tempting, the money would be easy and good. But if the guy I work for ever found out I was pimping from his station, my ass would be in a sling."

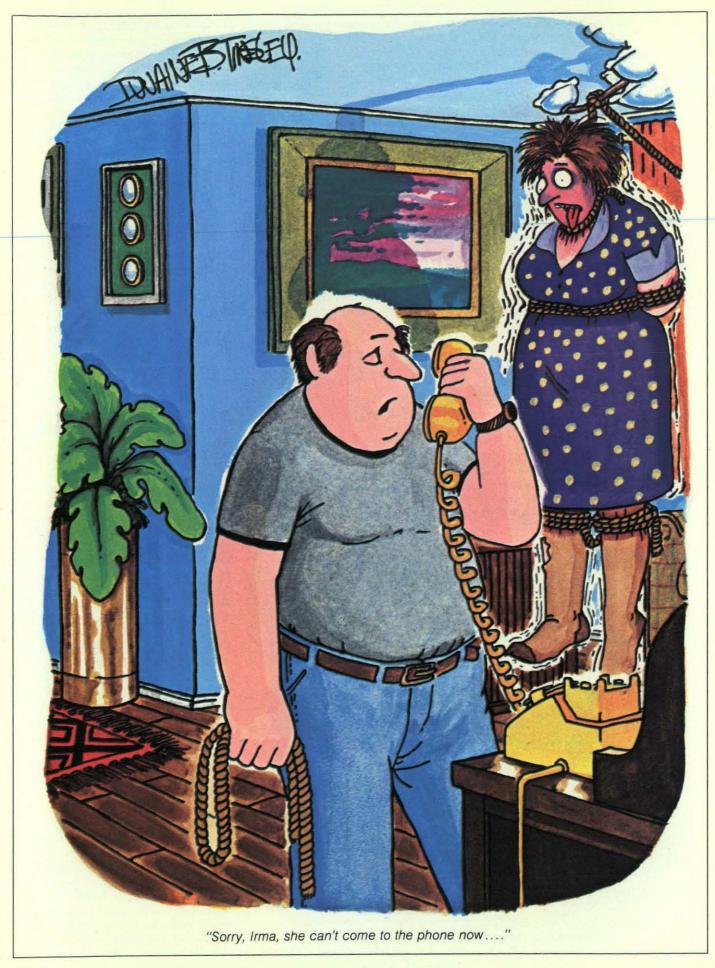
"You can always find it if you're willing to pay," one veteran claims. Especially in the deep South, where there are plenty of houses, some running 24 hours a day and watched over by the local sheriff. They usually turn out to be grungy affairs: some beds set up in bare rooms with a motley group of black and white girls who go down for \$20 or throw an "around the world" for \$50. Maine is supposed to be a good spot for hookers because the state is poor and there's not much work for women needing spare money. The latest thing on the road is massage parlors, which are beginning to appear along well-traveled truck routes.

The CB radio has made it possible for free-lance hookers to proposition truckers while they're still on the road. Driving "the dirty side" one night (the stretch of Eastern seaboard between North Carolina and Boston that truckers hate because of its clutter and confusion) female voices kept breaking into Channel 19. "Anybody out there needing a copilot?" asked the Party Doll. "It's beaver for sure!" At other times, Hot Pants, the Gallopin' Goose and Titty Bopper came on the air looking for dates.

"I stay away from them," a trucker who drives that stretch says. "You never know if you got a live prospect or a whacked-out kid getting herself hot by talking dirty. It ain't worth my time to find out. You could get held up on some back road, too. No, if I want some pussy, I just pull into a big stop where I know I'm safe, and before the night's out somebody will be tapping on the window, wanting to visit."

It's not professional whores that truckers like to talk about so much as the girls they meet themselves. Picking up some young hitchhiker from the side of the road and finding out she's half undressed beneath her long trench coat...now that's something worth bragging about. Though they might find her only once every 100,000 miles, she still looms large in truck-driving dreams and folklore.

The Ruptured Duck had his moment of glory outside of Knoxville. Another trucker, driving an old Mack Conventional with no sleeper in the back, got on the CB, trying to find a ride for a lady heading south. The Duck stopped for her, and as she got in his cab she said to him that she hoped he understood that she wasn't going to fuck. "I'm kind of fussy about who I sleep with,"



he told her, "so that's fine with me." He remembers her as a cute thing, tiny but with nice boobs and a nice ass. Always a gentleman, the Duck keeps calling her "ma'am" and treating her with respect. After a while they warm up to each other. She says she's hungry, so they pull over and the Duck buys her dinner. After they get back on the road, she announces she is going to take a nap in the sleeping compartment. He keeps driving, and the next thing he knows she's pulled his right hand up between her legs and is rubbing her pussy around on it. "Let me tell you," says the Duck, telling his story, "it ain't easy trying to drive a rig and shift with one hand!" A few miles later, she asked if maybe he wouldn't like to join her. "I had them air brakes on so fast .... " He knocked off two pieces ("talk about a tight cunt!"), drove for an hour and then came back for more ("once I get started I can't stop"). The next day, as she said good-bye to go on to Texas with another trucker, he felt his heart sink a little.

The Duck has a steady woman in West Virginia and a lady on the West Coast he gets to see maybe twice a year. When he first left his last wife, the relief he felt made him happy. Gradually, as the flush of new freedom passed and days of emptiness with no one to go home to started weighing down his spirits, the Duck grew depressed. Religion was no help. Raised in the strict

Evangelical Pentecostal faith, he knows that Jesus wants him, but he's also been a chronic backslider all his life. His depression grew so bad that he went to see a psychiatrist. "I'm pretty confused," he says about himself. "I sure like trucking, but, you know, a man can't make love to his truck at night." His thoughts were constantly on Jody as he drove north, finally loaded up with Florida peppers, celery, oranges and grapefruits.

Coming back to the truck after a stop near Orlando, the Duck was worried. He had gone to the bathroom and discovered pus coming out of his penis. It burned when he passed water. "Goddamn! When I said I hadn't had a woman in six weeks, that wasn't exactly the truth," he confessed. "The night before I met Jody, I met this black woman in a bar. She looked clean and I was drunk, so I took her back to my motel. I gave her thirty dollars, too! Oh, mercy, if she didn't give me the clap!" The Duck had already made plans to go back down to visit Jody the next weekend, going so far as to book tickets on a flight out of Charlotte, North Carolina. He wasn't going to have anything interfere with his visit. And now...VD! "I ain't fooling around with this. Sheeeeet!" Although it was nearly midnight, he got on the CB at once, asking for directions to the nearest hospital. His call was answered by a member of the Orange County Sheriff's Department, who directed

him to the county hospital. The Duck pulled his 43-foot rig into downtown Orlando, entered the emergency room, and, with considerable embarrassment, he told the attending nurse what was wrong. "You really should come to the VD clinic during the day," she told him, "but since you're a trucker I'll see if the doctor can see you." Two hours, \$40 and a painful shot of penicillin later, the Duck was back on the road, cursing his luck.

A day and a half later, the Duck neared his destination: a huge, new produce terminal outside of Baltimore. He would arrive in midafternoon, 15 hours behind schedule, and have to wait around until early morning to unload. The reefer unit had been giving him trouble along the way, and he was worried that the load might spoil. "That means I just bought me a whole lot of celery."

Jody kept becoming more and more important to him as he wondered if maybe she wasn't the girl of his dreams. They had talked again on the phone, and she had told him of a relative who ran a construction outfit near Lakeland. "I could make pretty good money driving heavy machinery," the Duck was thinking. Maybe it was time to get out of trucking. "A girl like that, if her and me was to hit it off, could make a man mighty happy."

Tired and discouraged, concerned that he hadn't been able to keep his mind on his work since meeting Jody, the Ruptured Duck was dreaming about what he'd do with a million dollars. "First I'd buy a big ranch house for Jody and me. With thick shag carpets and a color television in every room. Then I'd get the fastest Corvette there is, and maybe a pink Cadillac convertible with a red leather interior for Jody. We'd have a swimming pool shaped like a truck. And a motorboat. And we'd travel anyplace in the world we wanted to see ... Rome, Paris, all them places. And I'd get a whole closetful of silk leisure suits and white patent leather shoes. And fancy dresses for Jody-sexy ones like movie stars wear."

Nothing else came to him as he tried to think what he would do with a fortune. "Ah," he finally said, as if struck by inspiration, "you know what I'd really want? A top-of-the-line tractor, maybe a Kenworth K-Whopper with four hundred horses or a three-fifty-two Peterbilt. The whole interior would be customized: with a double-size sleeper, shag rugs, television, a base-model CB. Then everything outside would be chromed and shining. Mag racing wheels, dual stacks, fog lights...she'd just glitter. And the best thing is, I'd have enough money so's I'd only haul what I wanted ... swinging beef coast to coast."

A true trucker's dream.



# **Advise & Consent**

(continued from page 10)

incision is closed. There will be some swelling for a short time. In one or two percent of the cases, the saline will leak because of a hole in the implant. The saline is safely absorbed by the body, but the leaky implant must be removed and replaced. After breast implants, occasionally the nipples become insensitive. Since this procedure is performed in the surgeon's office, it is less expensive than in a hospital—approximately \$1500 as compared to \$2000 in a hospital.

I am an attractive, happily married woman. Fortunately, my husband and I long ago discovered the two faces of sex: mutual expression of love and the erotic physical experience. My only regret is that my husband had a multitude of sexual experiences before our marriage, while mine were limited to two (one of which was with my husband).

We've discussed this and have planned a remedy. In the near future, we are taking a short vacation to a resort hotel. At the same time, a major business convention is booked into the same hotel. While there, I will become a prostitute and my husband will act as my pimp. With his easygoing personality, my husband will have no trouble selecting the type of man who turns me on. If a man pays for my body, he will not be inhibited in seeking sexual satisfaction. I think we've figured out all the details except a few. Maybe you can help.

I am very wary of venereal disease. I understand that this can be spotted in a woman rather easily, but how? Obviously, I don't want to be bothered with condoms, but I don't want to catch VD, either.

Secondly, my husband maintains a full erection through three or four orgasms, but from what I've read this is not typical. In general, does a man usually lose his sexual drive after he has come once?

Finally, I love to be sucked and can achieve multiple orgasms while sitting on my husband's face, so I would want my "tricks" to suck me. Would the average guy be more likely to suck me if I totally shaved my pubic hair? I've read your magazine enough to know there is a difference of opinion. Which have you found to be more popular: smooth or bushy?

D. R. San Diego, California

If you are interested in trying a variety of men, it would probably be more satisfying to you to find someone you can spend some time with (even a night), rather than posing as a prostitute. Men treat hookers as hookers, and the purpose of paying a prostitute is to get your rocks off and not to give her pleasure. Additionally, both you and your husband could be arrested for prostitution and soliciting. Hotels have house security to prevent prostitution on their premises.

Venereal disease is often difficult to diagnose in a woman. The doctor takes a vaginal smear and tries to locate the bacteria that accompany syphilis or gonorrhea. Even if you have the disease, these bacteria may not show up in the test, so exercise some caution. When a trick comes to your room, wash his genitals before intercourse and examine them for dripping or chancres. This is not an unusual action for a prostitute. Also, wash yourself after every trick. If you have any fears that you may have caught VD, go immediately to a doctor or a clinic.

The ability to achieve multiple orgasms and maintain an erection is usually found only in young men. Your husband's ability to maintain an erection through three or four orgasms is not typical. Most men lose their erection with orgasm, and only six to eight percent are able to have more than one orgasm during each sexual experience. Most men must wait at least 20 minutes after coming to achieve an erection again. If you're posing as a whore, though, your trick will finish and leave without thinking about getting hard again.

We have had many letters from men who love to see a shaved pussy, but none has ever stated that they dislike hairy beavers. Smooth or bushy is a matter of individual taste. Most men like both.

I am a "partialist," and I like the feeling of pushing my cock into a woman who was born without lower limbs. This is the height of ecstasy for me and others like me.

To feel her smooth, round hips and buttocks against my stomach as she wriggles and turns is incredible excitement. A woman's torso is

everything. Partialists like myself emphasize the part or parts of their partner's body that they like or are attracted to. In my case, I have forgotten about the legs of women, and while I love women with legs—especially if they are beautiful and have nice torsos—I truly flip over women without legs.

As with most partialists, my problem is that, given the odds of even knowing each other, much less finding mutual attraction, the chances of getting together are at best remote. Can your magazine find out for us what publications are available on the subject and how partialists can get together?

G. A. Houston, Texas

Perhaps some of our readers have the answer to your question. If so, let us know, and we'll provide the information in a future column.

My girlfriend and I have been going together for two years. In about a year, we plan to get married. However, both of us are still virgins. Several times we have tried to fuck, but unsuccessfully. My girlfriend is no prude. Sexually, we have enjoyed everything reasonably exciting, including simulated sexual intercourse involving masturbation between the crack of her ass. Because of a fear of pain, she refuses to try intercourse again until she feels the time is right and can adjust to it mentally. I am not a demanding individual, but my

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus. Ohio 43215.

### HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

del's Name	Photographer:		
dress	Send prize to:  Model  Other		
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manhood and pride have been increasingly dampened by this behavior. In this situation, must I be forceful, or simply wait until the time seems right to her?

> R. B. Reisterstown, Maryland

It seems that your girlfriend is afraid of losing her virginity for some reason other than simply the physical pain. The initial breaking of the hymen is painful in varying degrees, but that pain is shortlived and usually forgotten in the joy of sexual discovery. Your girlfriend may have some emotional difficulty that prevents her from consummating the relationship. Since your marriage is a year away, she may be afraid that after you fuck her you will leave her. She may feel that loss of virginity without marriage makes her whorish or cheap. Forcing her to have sex can only increase her fear and make that important first sexual experience an unhappy one. Talk with your woman and explain to her the importance of discovering your sexual compatability (or incompatability) before marriage. Explain to her, too, that lack of sex can drive you away. If you can't receive sexual companionship from her, you can always find it elsewhere. Definitely come to terms with this problem before your marriage.

I am a black man, 21 years old, and I have a big, big problem. I have a cock that is 11½ inches long and very fat. That's not my problem because I thank God for that. The trouble is that whenever I make love to a woman, she can't take all of me. I know because I just try to run it in as far as I can.

But you know how women can be at times, the girl will get angry with me if I don't get off her when asked. Can you help me? I want to be able to go all the way into a woman.

J. H. Joliet, Illinois

A woman's vagina can stretch to accommodate a penis of almost any size. However, it can take time for a woman to adjust to a big cock. If you just ram your cock into a woman, it's bound to create pain, so make sure there is sufficient foreplay. Also, if she's nervous or afraid, she will undoubtedly contract her muscles, making penetration even more difficult. Give it to her gently, a little at a time, so she can adjust to your size. If you are patient, then you should be able to get all of your cock into her. Once you are in, and she knows what to expect, then you can continue with hard thrusts. The pleasure that both of you will derive from deep penetration will surely compensate for the wait.

I am writing to your magazine with the hope that you can provide me with more information on nipple piercing. Any help you can give would be most appreciated. Keep up the good work.

L. S. Washington, D. C.

Piercing your nipples is comparable to piercing your ears. A large needle is pushed through the skin, creating the hole. The earring must be inserted immediately to prevent the hole from closing and not removed for several weeks while the skin around the hole is healing. To prevent infection, you should also clean the pierced hole with alcohol or hydrogen peroxide several times a day while the earring is still in place. While an earlobe has relatively few nerve endings and can be pierced with minimum discomfort, nipples are sensitive, and piercing them can be very painful. Rather than piercing your nipple yourself, we strongly suggest that you go to a doctor. He can use a painkiller and also avoid placing the hole where it might damage a nerve. After all, you don't want to lose the sensitivity in your nipples.

The problem I have is that my pussy very seldom gets wet before screwing. If I'm with a new guy (one I've never screwed), I get wet enough without any trouble. If I'm with a guy I've screwed before, I get wet only if he eats me for about half an hour. If he tries to get me wet with just his finger, it doesn't work. I've been on the Pill since I was 18 and have never had any problems getting wet before. Could that have something to do with it? I've almost gotten an inferiority complex from listening to my friends tell me how wet they get when they're with their men. Is there something wrong with me? Thank you very much for your help.

D. W. Pontiac, Michigan

Medical authorities have determined that there is an association between the use of oral contraceptives and changes in cervical secretions. Thus, your lack of lubrication, or "getting wet," could be caused by the Pill. See your doctor and tell him of this difficulty. He may prescribe a different brand of the Pill, or tell you to stop taking them for a while.

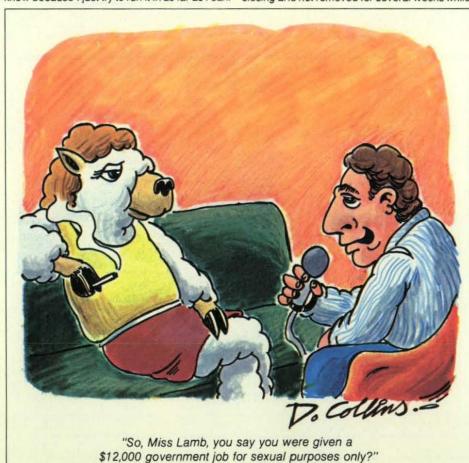
Trouble-free sexual encounters are the result of mental and emotional ties as well as physical stimulation. Your lack of lubrication could be due to a lack of rapport with the man you're fucking. You undoubtedly get more excited (and consequently lubricate) at the prospect of balling a new man, but you should experience the same excitement when you fuck him again. Try to find more compatible sex partners, and, if that fails, it might be wise to consult a psychologist or counselor and see if some emotional problem could be affecting your relationships.

Meanwhile, you can always use K-Y Jelly, a lubricant designed specifically for sexual use.

Here's one for your "something different" file. I must be one of the only people in this country who gets hard looking at or thinking about ladies' feet. To me, happiness is my wife rubbing her stocking feet on my face while I masturbate. I feel very fortunate that I have a partner this understanding. However, I don't forsake the other great ways of sex, which are more widely accepted. Nonetheless, this thing I have for feet grows more and more. Am I really that different?

Chicago, Illinois

No different than someone who gets off on necks, elbows or legs. Each part of the body has its special attraction, and the foot appeals to many



people. Be glad you have a partner who accepts your tastes, and don't worry. As long as your wife is agreeable, do whatever turns you on.

I am 18 and I love sex. I think about it all the time, and I have sex with a different partner at least once a week. Which isn't bad since I'm a slightly heavy girl. All these guys tell me that I give good head, but they don't need to say anything because I know I'm good. Out of all my sexual experience, I've never met a guy yet who could make me come. I've been with all kinds of men, young, old, big and little, and I've never had an orgasm. I think maybe I'm afraid that if ever the guy comes along that can do the trick, I'll fall madly in love with him, and I don't want to get hurt. Is that why I can't have an orgasm?

J. K. Washington, D. C.

There's more to sex than just fucking and giving head. Get to know your body. Masturbate until you reach orgasm so you know which pressures and touchings are effective. Once you learn what turns you on, you can let your partner know what he can do to make you come. A warm, loving relationship is more likely to solve the problem than a lot of different partners. Having an orgasm hardly means you will fall in love with your partner, nor does liking a person mean that you will necessarily get hurt unless, of course, you go into the relationship with that attitude. Once you attain that first orgasm, you'll know what to do to make it happen again.

In an encounter with a pair of muscular thighs and a tight hole, my joint was bent out of shape. This has caused some damage to my psyche but little physical pain. Though my genitals can still function properly, being out of balance hinders my natural rhythm and our pleasure.

I am young, reasonably attractive and otherwise self-assured, but I now avoid approaching women, even those who seem attracted to me, for fear of their dissatisfaction. A urologist has told me he knows of no technique to repair the damage and, further, that any doctor who says he does is "money hungry" or a quack. In this day of sex-change operations, I can hardly believe there is no way to straighten me out. Do you know of a source of help?

D. K. Clearwater, Florida

Permanently bending your cock during intercourse is a very uncommon occurrence. Masters
and Johnson reported only two instances of this,
both resulting from the woman sitting straight
down on an erect penis. (Women should never sit
straight down on a cock but lean forward, insert
the dick and then slide back.) Unfortunately,
surgery rarely can correct angular deformities.
Your doctor is correct, but for your own peace of
mind you might get another opinion. Since you
do not experience much pain, you may still be
able to develop a new rhythm. Explore all the
possibilities that your new angle could create for
uniquely titillating your partners. Create new positions that will work for you.



Now you can reach a level of sexual pleasure that only months ago was unheard of. A condom delicately ribbed to give a woman gentle, urging sensations. Yet, with a shape and thinness that let a man feel almost like he's wearing nothing at all.

Made with a new "nude" latex that transmits body heat instantaneously, Stimula is supremely sensitive. It's anatomically shaped to cling to the penis. And SK-70, a remarkable silicone lubricant works with natural secretions so Stimula's scientifically patterned ribs can massage and caress a woman effortlessly.

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# MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Mall-Order Feedback is presented as a service to HUSTLER readers who order products from mall-order firms, including firms that advertise in Mall-Order Mania.

The column will simplify the ordering of mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. We'll also inform customers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

A new scam for unethical mail-order outfits is to advertise "catalogs" of hard-core films or photographic material purportedly illustrated with "sizzling, sexy" photos and stills from the movies in the catalog. The unsuspecting customer (read "pigeon") reasonably expects that he will be able to order these hard-core movies and photo books from the firm. But often it turns out that the catalog itself is the only thing being sold by the advertiser. Worse, the "catalogs" often feature extremely soft-core photographs and movie stills so tiny that you need a jeweler's loupe to make them out-complete with censors' black strips over the action. These mail-order bandits won't go through the legal hassles of marketing a genuine line of hard-core goods when they've already got umpteen suckers clamoring to pay for their soft-shit catalogs.

Like many successful swindles, this one is so damnably effective because it closely parallels the offers of legitimate mail-order distributors. The legits also sell catalogs of the products they distribute, and some of these catalogs are good turn-ons themselves, since the distributor is genuinely interested in selling the products listed in them, rather than pulling off a one-shot gyp.

The telltale difference between a for-real distributor's catalog offer and a shyster's is that legitimate firms usually only require a \$1 payment for their catalog, to offset the costs of producing and mailing it. The scam artist usually demands three or four bucks for his book; that's how he makes his bite. Then he cranks the customer's name onto a mailing list and peddles it to legitimate mail-order firms.

This phony catalog dodge is only a light burn, but nonetheless it's a burn. Avoid nickel-and-dime rip-offs such as this so that you won't get burned out on the entire mail-order erotica business, like so many of our Mail-Order Feedback Letters correspondents. And you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that your nickels and dimes aren't contributing to the finishing-school education of some wise guy's kids.

#### PRODUCT REVIEW

Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review), HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

#### ADULT FILM XCHANGE

Adult Film Xchange (AFX), P. O. Box 202, Brooklyn, New York 11228, is trying to beat the high cost of erotic films with an exchange library of member-contributed turn-on movies.

On request, HUSTLER received a film from AFX's "huge library" (their description, not ours) inventory for review. We rated (and watched) the film with an erection. In sharp focus and good color, the film featured an Oriental chick who seemed to be genuinely getting off on finger-fucking herself and sucking her guy's cock. Good close-up shots showed her juicy pussy being eaten and fingered, and her fine, hairless asshole showed up well in the fuck scenes. A good cocksucking scene, replete with cum-licking, climaxed the ten-minute flick.



This film and its shelfmates at AFX are available by making a \$10 membership deposit, plus a deposit of one or more erotic films. The deposit of one film makes a member eligible to borrow one film at a time for a seven-day viewing period. Depositing two films entitles a member to borrow two films at a time, and so on. There is a charge of \$1.85 to cover postage and handling. All films are sent in plain brown wrappers, and customers are requested that they be returned in the same manner and addressed to AFX rather than Adult Film Xchange.

The films are available in regular 8mm and super 8mm. When a film is returned to AFX, it is checked for damage. The \$10 deposit covers damages and loss.

Each film is coded by number, and titles and subjects are listed in a cross-index so that requests for specific titles or subject matter can be met. The deposit and film(s) are returned to members on request, or at the end of the one-year membership if it is not renewed.

Persons interested in membership, but without an initial film to deposit, can purchase a film from AFX for \$15. After viewing, the film would, of course, be deposited in the exchange library.

As we said, the film we saw was sent to us specifically for review, so we must assume it was chosen for quality. However, if it is representative of the film inventory at AFX, it's a good sign. Bear in mind that the quality of the films received is determined by those deposited by members.

Remember: HUSTLER hasn't had any experience with this outfit except as a reviewer, which means that they were probably on their best behavior. So, if you join the Xchange, be sure to let us know about your experiences.

#### **FEEDBACK LETTERS**

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, let us know so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Write us a letter, including the firm's name and address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable firm, we want to know that, too. Address your letters to: Mail-Order Feedback, HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I appreciate your Mail-Order Feedback service and hope that you can help me. On February 27, I ordered three films from Starlite Enterprises, 1605 N. Cahuenga Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028. I enclosed my check for \$72 to pay for the order. The bank returned the canceled check on March 3. I never got the films.

On May 7, I wrote to Starlite Enterprises but have not received so much as an acknowledgment. Can you help?

M. W. New Rochelle, New York

We've received a couple of complaints about Starlite, and so we sent off some letters of inquiry to them. All were returned marked "Addressee moved, no forwarding address." Sounds like a big rip-off. If any readers or dealers know where these people can be located, please let us know. Starlite is apparently walking away with a lot of customers' money. However, there is a lesson to be learned: If you are not sure of a mail-order outfit, never, but never, order more than one film.

I rarely write letters in anger, but this time I just can't stop myself. I called Swingers Hotline, which ran an ad in your April 1976 issue. I was informed by them that they would sell me a list of swingers in my area for \$18. The list of names arrived COD four days later, at the cost of \$19.95. You guessed it: All the phone numbers were fake. The ones that hadn't been disconnected were answered by innocent people who had never even thought of swinging. I called a number, looking for "Don and Linda," and an old lady answered and said she had been called and harassed for several months.

This makes me so mad I could scream. We swingers are constantly being put down by the churches, stupid laws, jealous people—by damn near everybody! Maybe if we all stuck together, we could change a few minds—not to mention laws. Swingers Hotline, and outfits like it, are giving swingers a bad name. I know it isn't your fault, but please discontinue Swingers Hotline from your ads.

B. M, Albuquerque, New Mexico

We agree with you wholeheartedly and are doing what you suggest. We are refusing Swingers Hotline further ad space in HUSTLER since we received several complaints besides yours.

# MAIL-ORDER MANIA



Send to: Yung Co., Dept. 2091 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028







& hndlg to: Parker Sales Co., Dept. HU-11, \* \* P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375



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## A1 Ersatz SPANISH FLY PO

A rare combination of genuine imported spices gives this a very stimulating effect on her private parts, and yours tool Dissolves easily in cocktails, coffee, etc., for a fast turn-on, yet the results last for hours.

Famous in sexual literature for hundreds of years, this has always been a reliable standby for getting women to open up to you.

For one ounce, our special price to you is only \$4.95

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24 capsules—Special Introductory Price—only \$5.95

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This powder will guarantee you a hot time tonight and every night, if you use it right. Mix it into a Bloody Mary, or hot soup, and then stand by for action! Our Seducing Powder stimulates her desire, makes her want to want you! We think this is just what you've been looking for. Relax, now you've found it...this powder will do the job. If it's action you want, you've got it!

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# 'KNOCKOUT' PILLS

Never before available on the American market, these Wowie" pills will sure do a job on her. She'll never know who did it, with these high-potency capsules

Just slip one of these quick-dissolving numbers in her drink, at a party, or in the privacy of your own home, and then just watch the results! You'll be amazed at what these powerful pills can do to improve your sex life!

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# **Fantastic Placebo Aphrodisiacs** & Sex Stimulants

legend and practice. By researching these facts, we have reproduced a number of these potions which contain those secret ingredients that the ancients employed for sexual prowess and fulfillment. For reasons that you will readily understand, we must offer these as novelty items only, and you must be over 18 to purchase or use these powerful surefire seducers.

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With all the beautiful, young, easy and willing stuff around, you are missing the boat if you are not getting your share of all the goodies around everywhere! There is more stuff around today than ever before and it is real easy to get plenty if you know where and how!

Stan Conner has been a successful cherry picker for years and has really enjoyed himself and life, for him, has been a ball with one broad after another . . . sometimes even on the same day!

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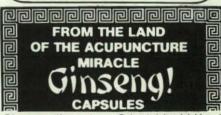


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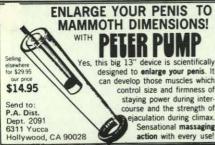
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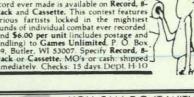


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OUR HYPEREMIATOR WILL:

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Produced by stephen sayadia